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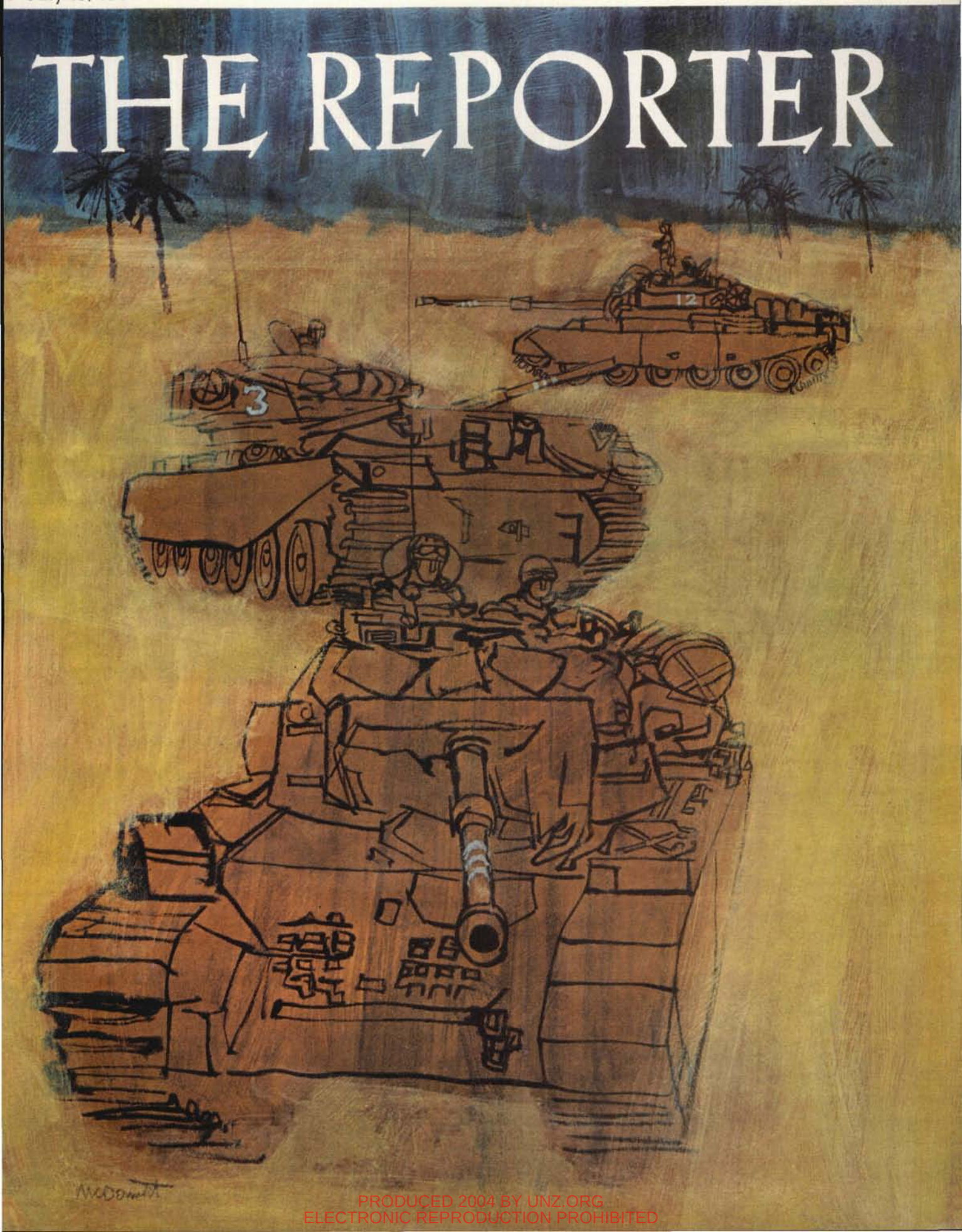

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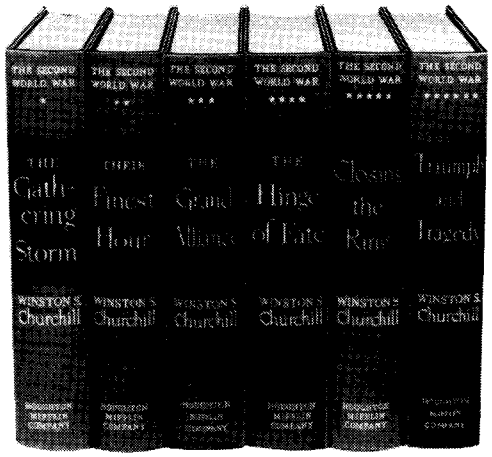

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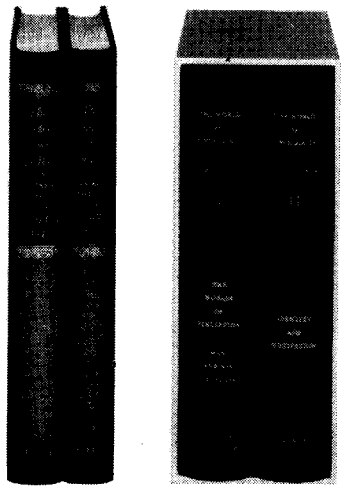

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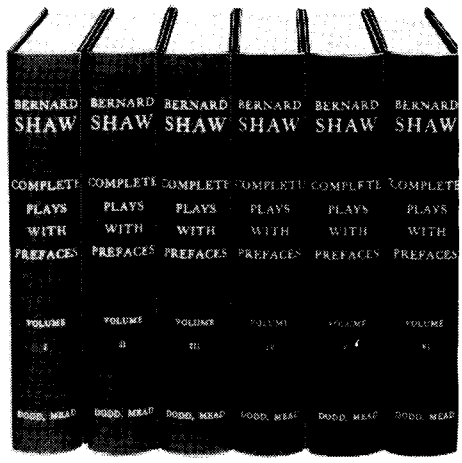

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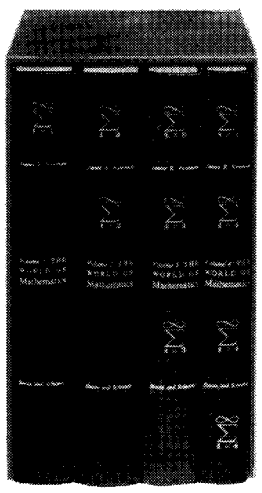

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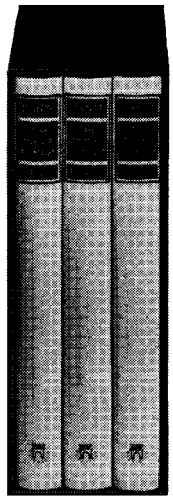

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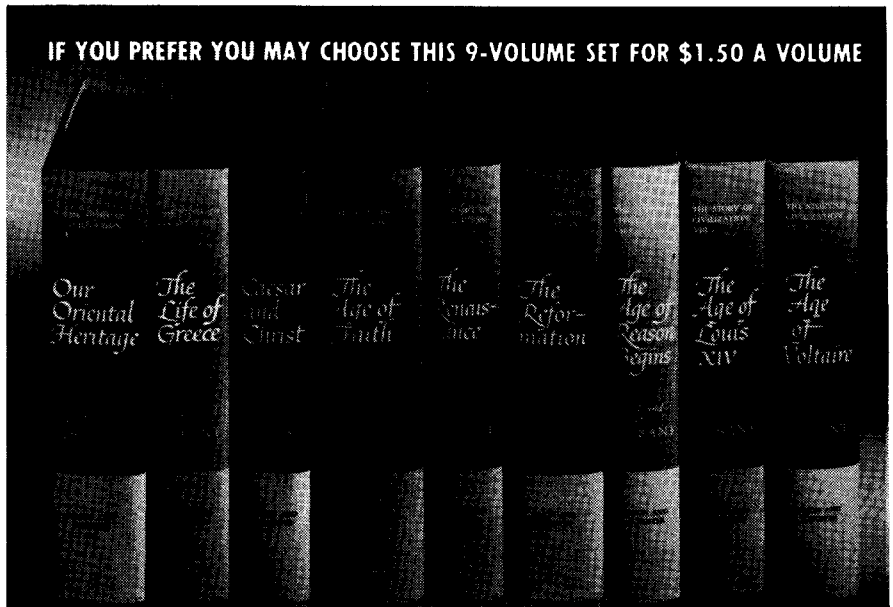

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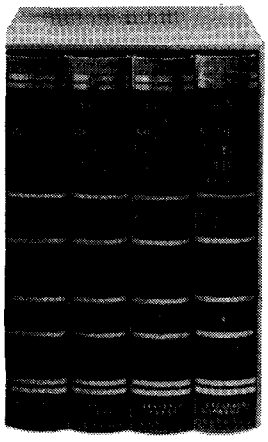

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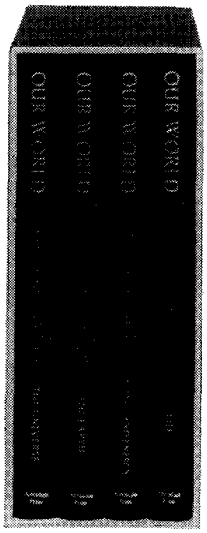

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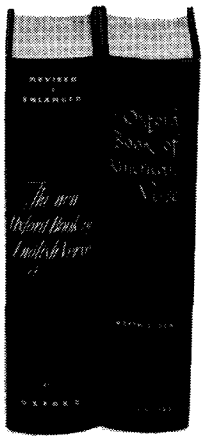

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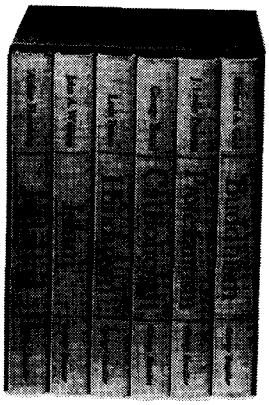

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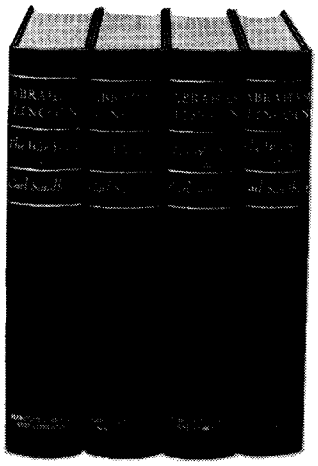

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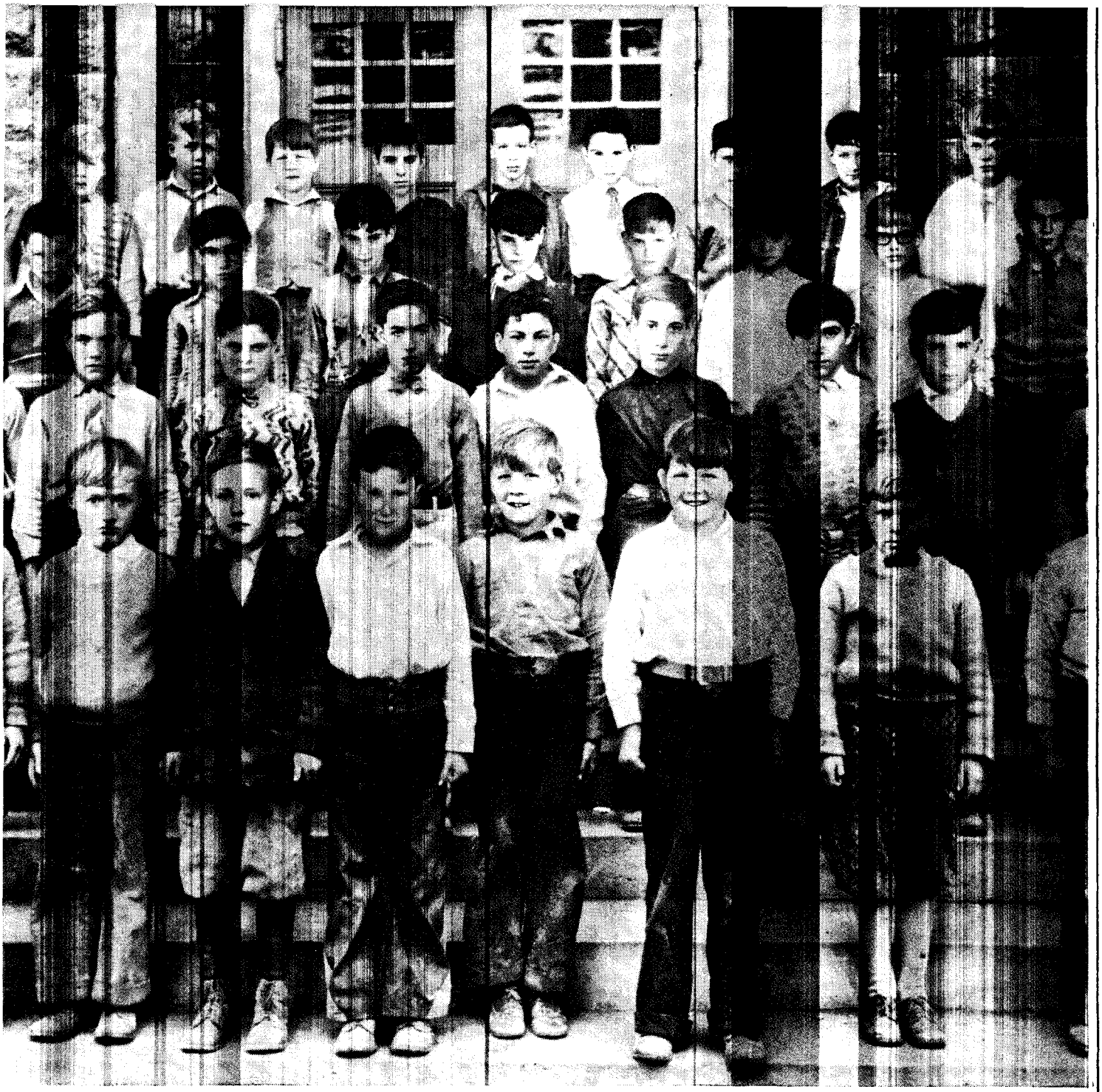

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE GUIDE of history, so useful in putting contemporary vicissitudes into perspective, seems to offer no parallel to Israel's predicament in victory. Twice in a decade Israel has decisively beaten its enemies. In the past, this would have meant that it could dictate the terms of peace in its area. Instead, with each passing day Israel's position becomes more difficult. Besides the attempts of the world powers to prescribe for the Middle East, there are the strains of maintaining a mobilized economy and of dealing with utterly dependent refugee populations in the occupied Arab lands. Certainly peace is remote, but, according to **Alvin Rosenfeld,** who covered the war for NBC News, even the immediate fruits of victory must be paid for at great cost. . . . Apart from its place in history, in religion, and at a geographical crossroad, the global importance of the Middle East can be summed up in one word: oil. More than one-third of the world's production comes from the region and from the new fields in North Africa. Europe is more than ever dependent on this source of supply, which is exploited by western companies but controlled by relatively unstable Arab governments. The short-lived total Arab embargo showed what a weapon oil may be in Arab hands, and the pro-Arab intervention in the area by the Soviet Union clearly is designed to make the Arab hands move to Russia's will. **John H. Lichtblau** is an economist and petroleum expert who often writes on the politics of oil. . . . To come back to history, **Norman Kotker,** an editor of *Horizon* and author of *The Holy Land in the Time of Jesus* (Caravel Books), describes the rich past of the city whose heritage is at the heart of the Middle East strife—Jerusalem.

MANY of the men and women who will exert the most influence in the Negro community in the next generation are enrolled in this country's four-score Negro colleges, most of which are in the South. Until recently, both the administrations and the alumni of all but the best of these colleges have been characterized by complacency. This year demonstrations on several Southern Negro campuses served notice that the demands of students and teachers for quality education, with integration as a means to the end, are becoming insistent. **Paul Clancy,** a reporter for the Columbia, South Carolina, *State,* recounts two contrasting protest movements at public and private Negro colleges in his state. . . . Julius Nyerere, who led Tanganyika to independence in the name of democracy, has taken a dangerous tack to the Left as President of Tanzania. **Anthony Delius,** who is on the staff of the *Cape Times* of Capetown, interviewed Nyerere in Dar es Salaam and found him confident that his gamble will succeed. . . . Senator Edmund S. Muskie of Maine has never been one to grab the limelight, and yet he has risen steadily in the esteem of his Democratic colleagues, who have named him chairman of the party's campaign committee. **Martin Nolan** of our Washington bureau believes that Muskie has the qualities to make him a leader in the Senate. . . . **Fernando Krahn** renders the Empire State the highest building in the world.

Donald Hogan, a much-traveled businessman and former night city editor of the New York *Herald Tribune,* took up full-time writing at the beginning of this year. His first short story, "The China Trade," appeared in our February 9 issue and brought a flood of letters asking for more Hogan. We are glad to oblige. . . . In his youth **Sarel Eimerl** was badly let down by Ian Fleming and has never forgiven him. He has been secretly stalking Fleming and his friend Bond ever since and now springs his trap. . . . **Daniel Hoffman,** who has been lecturing abroad during the past academic year, will be professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania this fall. His most recent critical study, *Barbarous Knowledge: Myth in the Poetry of Yeats, Graves and Muir,* was published by Oxford. Collections of his own work include *The City of Satisfactions: Poems,* and *A Little Geste, and Other Poems,* both also from Oxford. . . . **Roland Gelatt** edits *High Fidelity* and is the author of *The Music Makers: Some Outstanding Musical Performers of Our Time* (Knopf) and *The Fabulous Phonograph* (Meredith). . . . **Nora Sayre** is a correspondent for the *New Statesman.* . . . **Robley Wilson, Jr.,** is an assistant professor at the State College of Iowa and a prize-winner in the Carleton College Centennial Literary Contest.

Our cover is by **John R. McDermott.**

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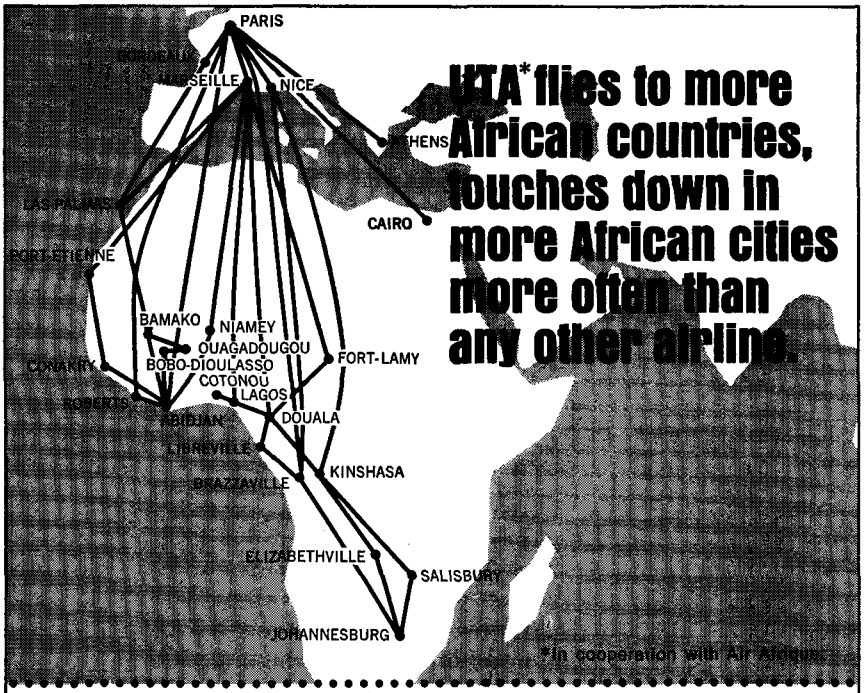

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CORRESPONDENCE

U THANT AND THE U.N.

To the Editor: I am a long-time reader who has been increasingly annoyed by what seemed an obsessive preoccupation in your editorials with the weakness of the United Nations and the illusion of a détente with Communism. Now, with the Middle East crisis, I have grudgingly to admit that you may have had a point all the time that needed insisting upon in the absence of critical judgment elsewhere in the liberal camp.

Certainly U Thant's failure to use the means available to him to stall the Egyptians in Sinai utterly discredits him. And certainly the Soviet Union's role in egging on the Arab world shows that it can be trusted to seize every opportunity to make trouble in hopes of drawing advantage out of others' agony.

The honest desire for peace of millions, from Glassboro to Tel Aviv to Saigon and to Moscow's own streets, is mocked by the men who use the lure of détente to pursue more easily their unchanging global designs. It is a hard lesson to learn, but you have helped me learn it.

SAMUEL P. MORTON
Los Angeles

To the Editor: Meg Greenfield's blow-by-blow account of the sad and confused episode of U Thant's withdrawal of the United Nations Emergency Force troops from Egypt is most interesting. Needless to say, I am one of those who feel strongly that U Thant acted precipitately and unwisely.

JACOB K. JAVITS
U. S. Senate

To the Editor: Meg Greenfield's "A Study of Forty-Eight Hours" (*The Reporter*, June 15) points out correctly that U Thant had neither the legal authority nor the military power to keep the United Nations Emergency Force in the territory of the United Arab Republic. Any hope or expectation that the Secretary General should make up by means of political legerdemain what he lacks in authority or power masks the problem. The failure of the U.N. to prevent war in the Middle East will be repeated ad infinitum until there is disarmament under world law with an effective international police force. Sadly, many will use the U.N.'s failure as an excuse to build up their national arms for another round of war.

DR. RICHARD P. REINERTSON
Sacramento, California

To the Editor: It has been interesting to see how Meg Greenfield's valuable and painstaking reconstruction of the forty-eight hours in which U Thant undid the U.N role in the Middle East has been verified both by the U.N.

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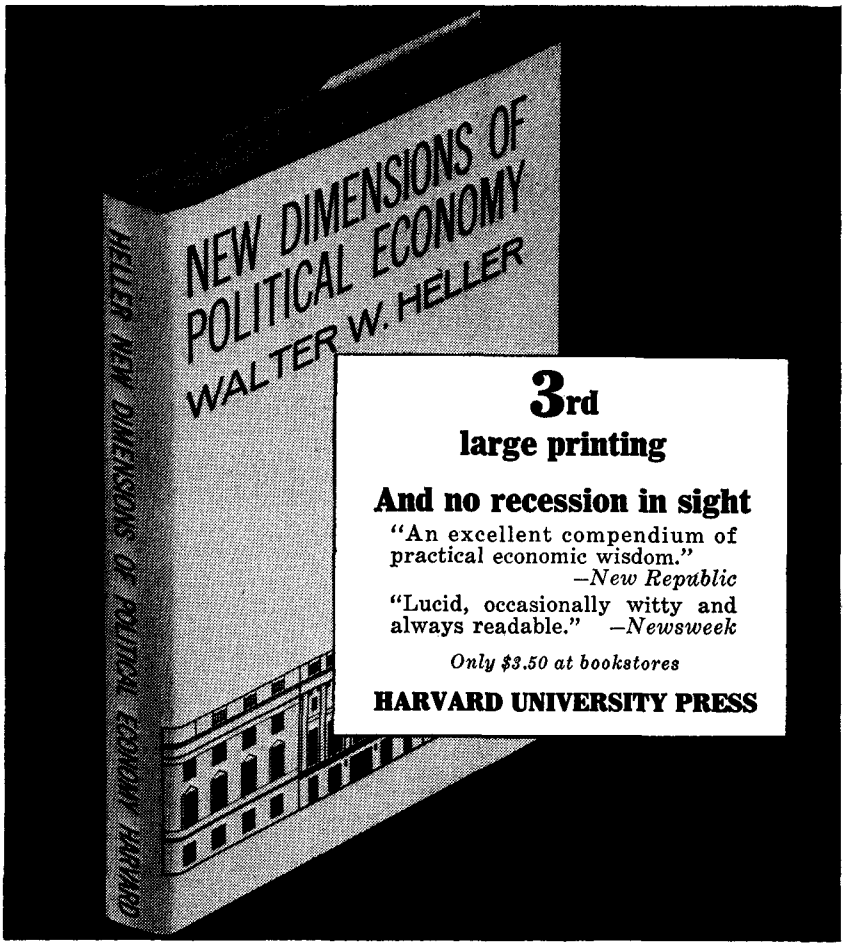
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Secretariat's press releases and Nasser's spokesmen.

Particularly convincing were the comments from sources close to Nasser made in Cairo to James Reston of the New York *Times* to the effect that Nasser had no intention of blockading the Gulf of Aqaba until U Thant pulled out the UNEF garrison at Sharm el Sheikh. This placed Nasser in a put up or shut up position; he moved into the vacuum and the war was inevitable.

Miss Greenfield is again to be congratulated for lucid reporting of complex facts.

JEREMY ELLIS
St. Louis

POISON GAS

To the Editor: Your note on "Nasser's Poison Gas" in the June 15 issue tells as much in a short space about the roles of the U.S. and the U.N. in the Middle East crisis as do your editorial on "The U.S. Absence" and Meg Greenfield's documentation of U Thant's ineptitude.

For a State Department spokesman to say that U.S. concern over the gassing of Yemenis by Egyptians is one of "anguish combined with a refusal to be the ones to say it is definite," and for U Thant to turn his back on the crime with pious condemnation of "all warlike acts" and a statement that no "useful purpose would be served by acting" in the U.N. against the criminals, is a disgraceful abdication of responsibility by both parties.

Thanks be that Israel did not wait for aid from such feckless "powers" but acted on its own. Let us hope that in the negotiations to come it is allowed to continue without such "help."

MYRON SILVER
New York

FRANCE

To the Editor: Edmond Taylor in "A Temporary Victory for de Gaulle" (*The Reporter*, June 15) makes a comment about the general's electoral squeak-through that can be applied to his preposterous behavior in the Middle East crisis. He observes that de Gaulle's "victory" was "won by superior tactical skill in dividing his adversaries . . . rather than by presenting a positive program." In this case, of course, the imagined adversaries are really the allies and friends upon whom de Gaulle would ultimately depend if France were threatened. And France surely will be threatened if its President continues indirectly to encourage the rise of a Popular Front at home and to side with the enemies of the West in the international scene. The whole picture of sleazy political maneuvering in domestic politics and cynical intriguing abroad has lowered de Gaulle's stature and returned France perilously close to the petty state of the Fourth Republic.

H. R. MCCABE
Toronto

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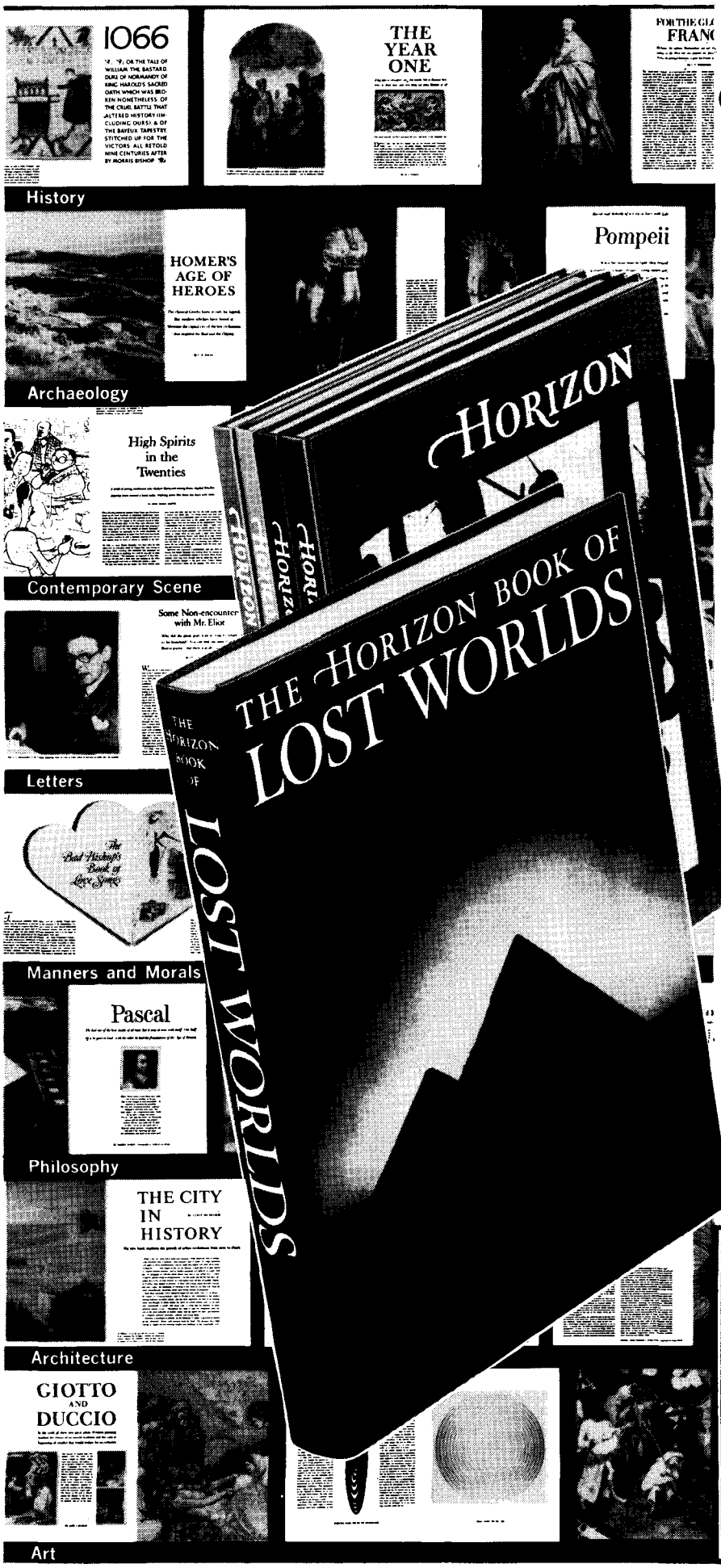

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To the Editor: Edmond Taylor's contribution to "The Reporter's Notes" (June 15) is, as always, perspicacious and interesting. I have but one cavil. For Taylor to entitle his report "Light Reaches Europe" and to speak of "Europe's reaction" seems somewhat imprecise, since all he gives us is a rundown of what has appeared in the French press.

In the following issue of *The Reporter* (June 29) Mr. Taylor is at it again. Under the title "The Political War Intensifies," he gives us yet another dose of French internal affairs. Could we please have articles about France labeled as articles about France? I am aware that de Gaulle thinks France *is* Europe, but a few of us free spirits out here are not totally convinced.

DAVID KAPLAN
Los Angeles

CLEVELAND

To the Editor: Robert H. Giles's story "How to Become a Target City" (*The Reporter,* June 15) is a very interesting and accurate assessment of the Cleveland situation. You are to be complimented for carrying a most revealing and informative piece of reporting.

JOSEPH J. WEIBEL
Cleveland

To the Editor: "How to Become a Target City" is balanced and accurate. The most important paragraph is the fourth, especially the sentence beginning "Racial conflicts are so deep and so massive. . . ." When you consider the fact that in the four square miles of Hough alone there are more than ten thousand unwed mothers and more than thirty thousand illegitimate children, it is obviously impossible for any other agency than the Federal and state governments to correct the situation, and much to the surprise of most, there is no body of law to provide the tools to do so. Our efforts in this direction have been consistently defeated by an odd combination of the proprietary interests of the welfare lobby and city ward and Congressional District politicians.

UPSHUR EVANS, President
Cleveland Development
Foundation

SILLITOE

To the Editor: Thank you for Alan Sillitoe's story "Canals" in your June 1 issue. It has been dismaying to many of his readers that this once infallible observer of his particular world should have (it seems to me) wobbled off course rather badly in the last two or three years. The short story has always been Mr. Sillitoe's chief strength, and it is good news that he has returned to it after increasingly unhappy attempts at longer forms of fiction.

JOHN F. SPICER
Chicago

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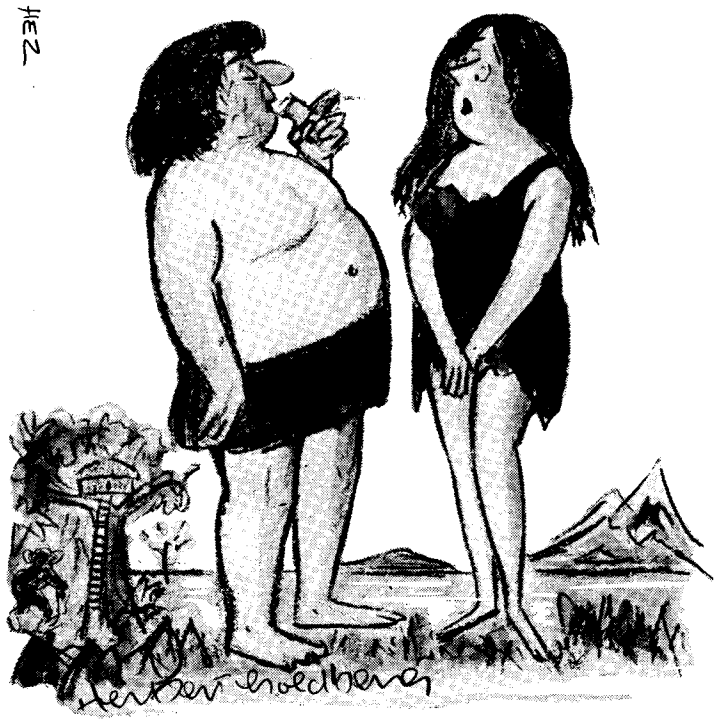

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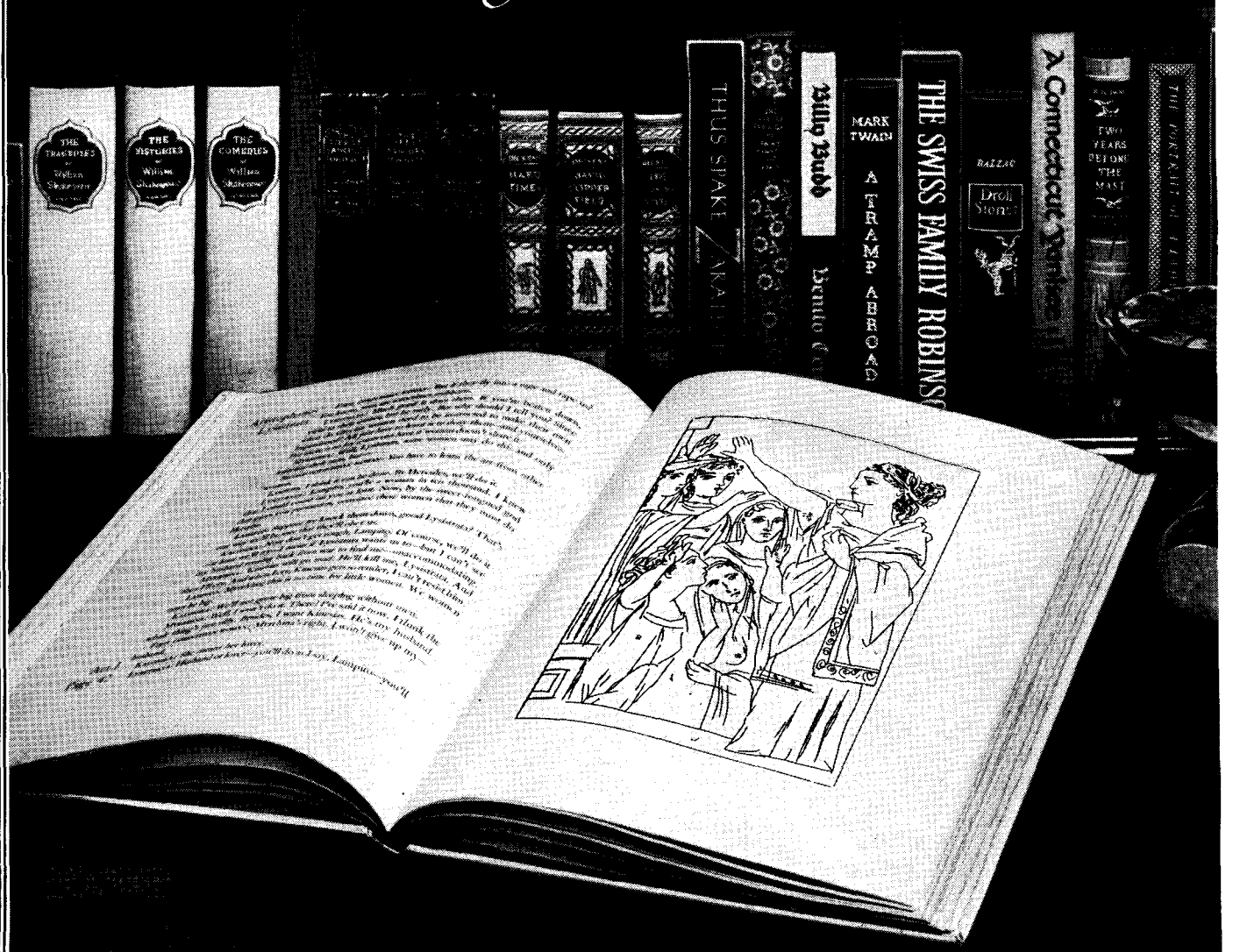

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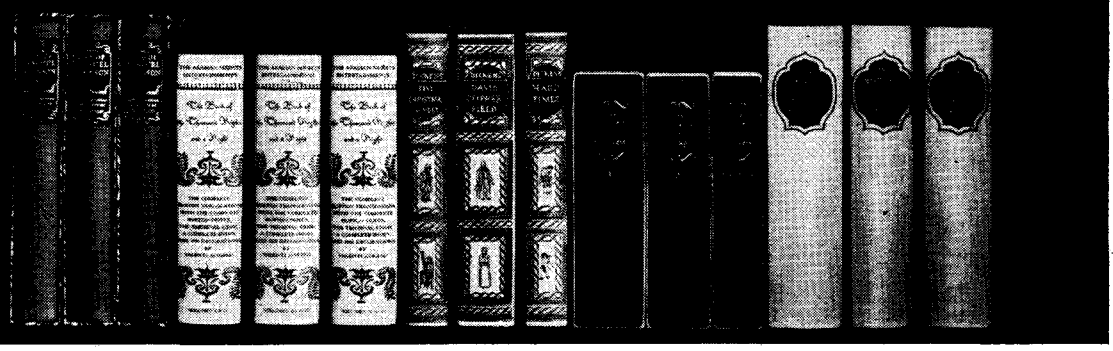

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The Open-Ended Wars

During the month of June, the limited war of unlimited duration our country has been fighting in Vietnam was overshadowed by the dazzling triumph of Israel over its Arab neighbors. There was a classic quality in the conflict of arms that occurred in a small area where so many supernatural events had made history. The victory of the Israelis over the Arabs was bloody and decisive—a victory to man's measure, free from complexities that only computers can tackle. People all over the world took the Israelis to their hearts out of a sense of moral commitment, for the thought of their extermination was unbearable.

Victory, however, is not likely to bring peace to the Israelis any more than America's self-imposed limitations on victory are likely to bring peace to Vietnam. Since the end of the last war, a country once divided never has regained its unity. The same has happened to cities: Berlin proves that the chasm, if anything, has deepened and widened.

After the end of the war, wherever conflicts have erupted, no healing, no resumption of normal, predictable interhuman relationships has followed a cease-fire or a precarious armistice. Israel knows this better than any other nation: having conquered its independence after the United Nations came into existence, it is still considered by its Arab neighbors as an outlaw. Even its admission to the world body, even its original recognition by the Soviet Union, has not given it a legitimacy the Arabs could become reconciled to.

The latest Israeli-Arab war, however, has happened in different conditions from those of the preceding one. During the last decade, the Soviet Union has assumed the role of the strictest interpreter of the U.N. Charter. No change is to be allowed in the boundaries of any member nation, no use of force is to be tolerated—except the force used by the Communist countries to foster "wars of national liberation." In his press conference, Premier Kosygin plainly restated the Soviet support for this kind of war. Such a restatement was scarcely needed, but it was good to have it said once more by Mr. Kosygin for the benefit of the chatterers about détente.

On Vietnam and on Israel, he was equally candid and repetitious: we must withdraw entirely and unconditionally our troops from Vietnam; the Israelis must abandon all the Arab territory they have seized. Israel should be walled within its own boundaries, and obviously when the Arabs decide to try again, the Soviet Union is bound to be at their side.

ISRAEL, when the fighting was going on, had no ally but the conscience of mankind. Our country might have intervened at the beginning when the question of the Gulf of Aqaba was first raised by the Egyptians, and indeed, our vain attempt to put together an international fleet was considered by Kosygin as an evidence of anti-Arab collusion between certain Anglo-American and Israeli "circles." During the fighting, we managed to remain neutral in everything but thought and words—except for high officials, who remained mute. As to deeds, the Israeli government told us please not to bother.

The time has come now for our government to take action not only in favor of Israel but also of those Arab states where there are people patriotic and humane enough to realize how wretched their lives are bound to remain as long as they are led by adventurers of the Nasser type. Peace on earth was proclaimed more than once in the lands where the Israelis and Arabs live. There, where Christ was born, the United States can show how to bring its practical talents to the service of its beliefs.

—MAX ASCOLI

UNEF: U Thant's Report

On June 27, Secretary General U Thant released a twelve-thousand-word report on the withdrawal of the United Nations Emergency Force from the United Arab Republic. It was the Secretary General's fifth such official explanation of his actions prior to the withdrawal of the troops, not counting several public statements he authorized a spokesman to make and his own speech to the General Assembly in response to Abba Eban's criticism. It was also Thant's most compendious report, incorporating much material from his earlier accounts of the disputed episode. Despite its greater length, however, this latest and possibly final report did not contain any new information. On the contrary, it was notable for what the Secretary General chose to omit.

As a result, an important point may have been obscured. It concerns the Secretary General's own activities in the period between the first demands made on the U.N. commander to move some of his troops on May 16 and Thant's acquiescence two days later in the U.A.R.'s request for a complete troop withdrawal, which had arrived that same day. Under a subhead, "The Question of Consultations," Thant now reports as follows: "The Secretary General consulted the Advisory Committee before replying to the letter of 18 May 1967 from the United Arab Republic requesting withdrawal. This consultation took place within a few hours after the receipt of the United Arab Republic request, and the Advisory Committee was thus quickly informed of the decision which the Secretary General *had in mind to convey in his reply. . .*" [emphasis supplied].

It is not clear what Thant means

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With the first three printings of *Vietnam: Why* sold out, and orders for the book still coming in at a fast rate, The Reporter has gone back on press to print a fourth edition.

Vietnam: Why has proved, evidently, most useful to those who want to have an understanding of the situation in that country—as it affects the United States, Southeast Asia, indeed, the world. Such an understanding *is essential to all responsible Americans.*

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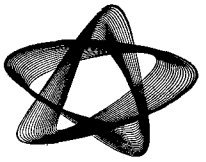
the Religious Situation



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by "consultation" in this context. Two days before he convened the Advisory Committee, he had already conveyed his answer to Cairo—well in advance, in fact, of Cairo's having put the question to him: "Since . . . the basis for the presence of UNEF was an agreement made directly between President Nasser and Dag Hammarskjöld as Secretary General of the United Nations," he told the Cairo government, "any request for the withdrawal of UNEF must come directly to the Secretary General from the Government of the United Arab Republic. On receipt of such a request, the Secretary General *would order the withdrawal of all UNEF troops from Gaza and Sinai, simultaneously informing the General Assembly of what he was doing and why*" [emphasis supplied].

This declaration was made around 6:45 on the evening of May 16, and it has been mentioned in this magazine before. We call attention to it only by way of keeping the record straight: it was eliminated from the report of June 27.

Hobson v. Hansen

When Circuit Judge J. Skelly Wright ruled for the Negro plaintiffs in the Washington school-desegregation case not long ago, his decision was hailed (and deplored) in the press as a precedent-making one, a decision that might even be accepted for review by the Supreme Court, which has thus far declined to review all the "de facto" cases brought before it. What made Judge Wright's decision seem so momentous when it came down was the fact that Washington is the first of the nation's big cities with a predominantly Negro student population to lose a de facto case in Federal court. The judge fashioned his decree, of necessity, to the peculiar circumstances of the case.

From beginning to end, almost every feature of the Washington case was unique, and some features were bizarre. The suit, which is the only important one of its kind in which the NAACP did not participate (it wasn't invited), was brought originally by a Negro research analyst for the Social Security Administration, Julius Hobson, who presides over a militant local civil-rights organization called ACT. Since Hobson at first set out to achieve a ruling against the system whereby Federal district-court judges appoint school-board members in Washington, all those district-court judges were disqualified from hearing the case, and the Court of Appeals appointed Judge Wright to hear it. Meanwhile, Hobson retained the services of an equally militant lawyer, William Kunstler, and his suit became a veritable grab bag of complaints.

At some point in the course of all this, attorneys for the school board and Superintendent of Schools Carl F. Hansen belatedly became aware that Judge Wright was the author of an article in the *New York University Law Review* on Northern school segregation in which he had gone beyond most of his colleagues in condemning as unconstitutional the practices of which Washington had been accused. Much too late, they asked him to disqualify himself. He refused. Thus, a little less than a year ago, the elements in the case had emerged as these: a way-out civil-rights organization with the help of a canny lawyer was demanding the desegregation of a predominantly Negro urban school system in the court of an extremely sympathetic judge.

There were, however, restraining factors at work, most of them related to Washington's odd form of government and its geography, with its suburbs in two states. The principal restraint on "integration" in any ordinary sense was the fact that ninety-two per cent of the children in the District's public elementary schools are Negroes. Judge Wright, who has in the past expressed the view that boundaries between city and suburb should not be regarded as sacrosanct in these matters, could nonetheless hardly decree that the states of Maryland and Virginia (not parties to the case) receive Washington children in their schools. And there is a limit to what any Washington school board or school official can achieve, whatever a Federal court might decree: Congress controls the District's budget, and several members of the House have already expressed their displeasure at the outcome of the suit.

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What Judge Wright finally decreed was that the school board and its superintendent (1) provide transportation to bring Negro children who "volunteer" from the District's overcrowded Negro schools to its relatively empty white ones, a plan that can involve at most around one per cent of the District's 145,000 schoolchildren; (2) terminate its optional-transfer plan providing a way for white children to escape Negro schools; (3) make "substantial" progress in faculty integration by next October; (4) present him also in October with a plan for improving facilities minimizing the harmful effects of racial separation; and (5) abandon its system of dividing classes into ability groups. This last point is the only one on which Judge Wright broke new ground, and even here he did not rule that ability groupings violate the law by segregating children by race, but rather that as it was operated, Washington's system was not based on ability but on race.

Judge Wright's actual recommendations make a curious contrast with his hyperbolic statements. He asserted it as a "finding of fact," for example, that "racially and socially homogeneous schools damage the minds and spirit of all children who attend them." He declared that the lazy authorities in the District had in fact shown "criminally" little concern with the resources available to Negro children, and later struck this word from his printed opinion, since it has a very precise meaning in courts of law.

But apart from verbal adventuring of this kind, in effect he only told the defendants that they must take measures (which they have been slow to do) to reduce the isolation, if possible, of Negro schoolchildren in Washington, and to improve the quality of the schooling they get. Thus his decision may serve not as a legal precedent but rather as a warning to school officials in other big cities in the North that the Federal courts will not accept a failure to act at all on the ground that so little can be achieved. It may even serve as a goad to Washington's much put-upon and somewhat defeatist school administrators—provided Congress will let them act.

If this were an ordinary gin, we would have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.

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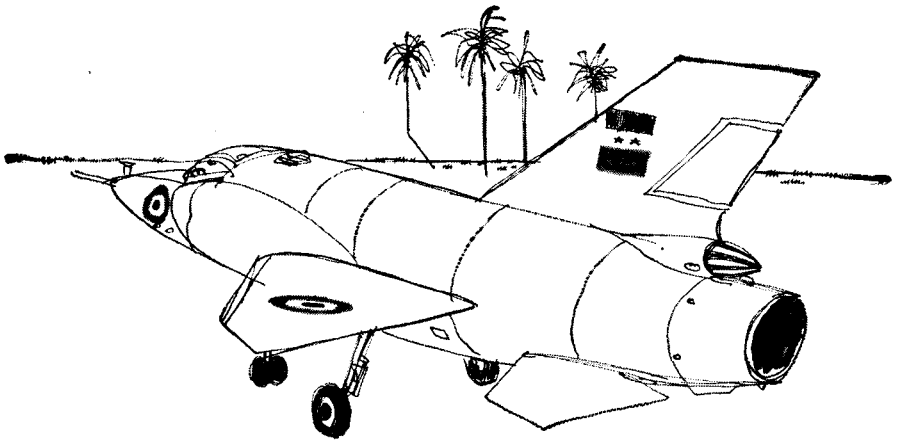

The Economics of Triumph

ALVIN ROSENFELD

TEL AVIV

THERE HAVE BEEN no victory parades on the streets of Tel Aviv or Jerusalem, nor are there likely to be. The reasons are varied but self-evident: there has been no time. Victory has been followed by a flood of immediate and practical challenges ranging from maintaining internal security in conquered areas to restoring electricity in Old Jerusalem. An embattled small nation nearly all of one faith and culture is perhaps more closely knit than a city of the same size—the individual losses of life are felt not only by the family involved but by a much larger circle. The newspapers are dotted with death notices, and each one pains many citizens not related in any way to the fallen soldier. Then too, every thinking Israeli knows his country carries and will indefinitely continue to carry heavy burdens.

The war is over at least temporarily, but the diplomatic struggle has only begun. It seems bound to be protracted, complex, and unpredictable. Israel is victorious but its conquered territories contain over one million Arabs and with them a host of economic, political, and security headaches. The danger of renewed guerrilla fighting or even conventional warfare cannot be ignored, and consequently the Tel Aviv municipality has instructed its constituents not to dismantle the sandbagged walls around apartment-house doorways or strip the shelters of beds and blankets.

Israel must live patiently with the knowledge that the Arabs face a painful and possibly long readjustment—psychological, political, economic, and diplomatic—to a humiliating reality, a readjustment rendered more difficult by the fact that the Arabs as a people are given to self-delusion and to dreams. And Israel, a modern western nation, must try to find ways to communicate with men of a different culture, with other standards, other thought patterns, and another language.

Obviously, then, the Israelis know there can only be a long waiting period, and the nation that is able to wait long enough and sustain its strength long enough may in the end gain the day.

A Question of Endurance

Israel has one high card—the occupied territories with their strategic and emotional value. But this card has two faces. The pressures on Israel by the maritime powers, including even the friendly Scandinavians, to withdraw so that the Suez may be reopened can be expected to grow. The pressures to withdraw from the holy places will come from many sides. The pressures to prevent the "aggressor" from keeping the fruits of victory will intensify. The possibility of sanctions cannot be discounted.

In their present mood—and there are no indications that the mood will change for months to come—the Israelis are willing to withstand all these pressures. They feel that

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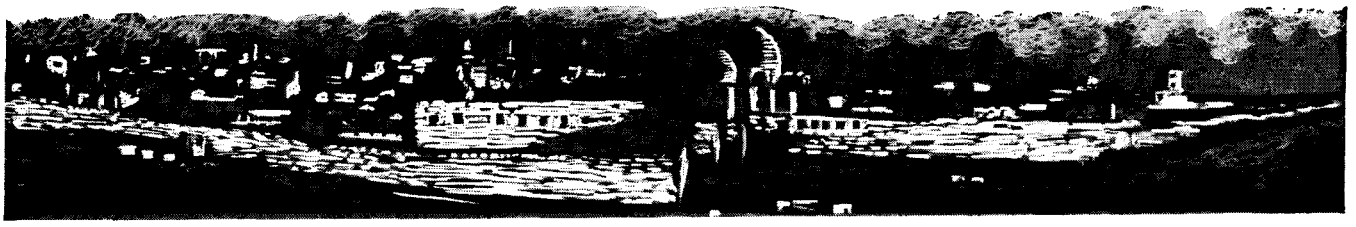

if they are patient, a chance for real peace or something akin to it is at least a remote possibility. They are ready to play the waiting game for all it is worth. Inevitably, therefore, the question arises, Can Israel sustain the financial and manpower burden of a long wait?

Strangely enough, an economic recession that immediately preceded the war made Israel better prepared for the strain of the struggle than it would otherwise have been. From the moment of independence in 1948, Israel and its economy expanded incredibly, despite occasional pauses. The population has tripled through immigration and natural increase. Industrial and agricultural production soared at rates far beyond the population increase. But this economic boom, with the extra income of massive German personal restitution payments and the people's natural desire to improve their standard of living, led to a steady rise in per capita expenditure. In short, far too many Israelis were living beyond the national means. Exports lagged sadly behind imports, the balance of trade was chronically lopsided, and far too much of the amazing ten per cent annual increase in gross national product was squandered at home. Finally, after 1964, objective economic factors together with a deliberate governmental policy of *mitun* (moderation) resulted in a severe and growing recession and the phenomenon, new for Israel, of unemployment.

Mitun was painful, but by early 1967 it was beginning to have positive results. True enough, the increase in gross national product fell to a puny one per cent, but the trade gap narrowed by eighteen per cent. The old Israeli plague of inflation was virtually halted. Some progress was being made in efforts to overcome the old Israeli sickness of too much emphasis on services and not enough on production, too much emphasis on the home market and not enough on overseas markets, too much emphasis on small and relatively inefficient enterprises and not enough on large units. The Bank of Israel entered the war with $600 million in foreign-currency reserves, a lot of money by Israeli standards and more than enough to cover an entire year's normal trade gap.

The war itself was ridiculously short. Damage on the home front was small. Of course, production faltered but it did not cease; the Israelis, always adept in crisis if sloppy in ordinary times, put eager high-schoolers and pensioners to work wherever possible to replace the reservists called to the colors. Shipping schedules were disrupted, but the economists believe the export loss will not total more than $20 to $30 million. Tourism dwindled to nothing but is already recovering.

Obviously, however, the war itself was brutally expensive for a small country. No figures are being released, but independent experts estimate that the cost of the prewar days of mobilization, the six-day war, and the immediate postwar period comes to tens of millions of dollars per day. The Bank of Israel, an independent body, asked no questions and gave the government what it requested. Immediately before and during the fighting there was a massive airlift of unspecified equipment into Israel costing an unknown but clearly great sum; during the first nights of the war Lydda Airport was closed to all but authorized personnel.

And yet there is no reason to believe that the foreign-currency reserves have fallen. As one economist said, "On the contrary, the flood of donations from Jews and indeed from non-Jews outside Israel has apparently balanced the war outflow." So Israel enters the new period of challenge without real loss of economic strength.

This does not mean that the economic problems are small. To begin with, war exhausts military machines. The tanks that crossed the Sinai and climbed Syria's Golan Heights must be reconditioned. A multi-ton trailer truck has to be overhauled after lugging a tank from the coastal plain to Jerusalem twenty-five hundred feet above sea level and then back down again. The capture of enemy equipment satisfies the ego, but an army based on certain types of armaments finds it difficult and sometimes impossible to absorb totally different weapons, particularly when it lacks access to the required spare parts; and it is hardly likely that the Soviet Union will oblige Israel with spare parts for T-55 tanks. Thus a top Israeli priority is the expensive process of restoring the military plant and, given the area's unstable conditions, of strengthening that plant with newer and better war machines.

This process becomes all the more complex and perhaps more costly because of the newly hostile attitude of President de Gaulle: French aircraft, electronics, and weapons factories have until now been Israel's major source of supply. For obvious reasons, Israel has never been completely open about its defense budget, but an educated guess would be that the military expenditures in the next year or so will rise by several hundred million dollars.

New Lands, New Problems

This burden is equaled by the weight imposed upon Israel by its new conquests. What was formerly the Palestinian half of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan and is now called the West Bank contains at least 850,000 Arabs. At this writing, expert committees are literally working day and night to complete programs for governing the new territories.

King Hussein always favored his own people—the people of the Jor-

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dan River, the Bedouin tribes—over the unruly and never thoroughly loyal Palestinians. The West Bank villages are overpopulated, there are few significant industries, and there are many refugees. Some local experts say it was a deficit area for Hussein, but his deficit was largely covered by the United States and Great Britain. For the foreseeable future it will be a deficit area for Israel.

Even so, the West Bank Arabs had attained a higher standard of living and culture than those of the Gaza Strip. This tiny area of 125 square miles, varying from fairly fertile fields to total wasteland, shelters something like 450,000 people, about 310,000 of whom are Palestinian refugees and their numerous children, who are supported by the United Nations Relief and Works Agency. Another 70,000 are jobless and dependent upon other forms of international aid. Only 70,000 have working heads of families. A good many West Bank residents have sons working in Kuwait or other Arab centers and, if monetary transfer arrangements can be re-established, will again receive help from their sons abroad. Few of the Gaza refugees' sons, restricted by the Arab hosts, ever emigrated.

It is estimated that the immediate cost to Israel of maintaining the Gaza Strip will total $5 to $10 million a year, and that of sustaining the West Bank $40 to $60 million annually; the sharp difference stems from the fact that most of the Strip residents are largely supported by international agencies. These figures, of course, presuppose that administrative and social services will not be raised from their present low levels, and the figures also do not include the cost of garrisoning these areas where internal security troubles may arise at any moment. Local Arab policemen have been put back to work but obviously they cannot be relied upon to keep the peace without Israeli supervision.

THE WEST BANK has a variety of unusual problems. It is now clear, say the Israelis, that the bankers of Amman withdrew virtually all the deposits from their West Bank branches just before or during the war. Who, then, will finance the West Bank businessmen? Most of the West Bank's agricultural produce formerly flowed to Amman and on to Kuwait and other Arab markets.

The Israelis have no real need for this produce—and there is the embarrassing fact that, while Jordan's agriculture is primitive when compared with Israel's, the Jordanian fellah lives on a subsistence level and could easily undersell the Israeli *moshavnik* or *kibbutznik*. What, then, is to be done with the Arab farm produce?

The administrative burden is constant. On the West Bank a military government consisting of eighteen departments, each the equivalent of an Israeli ministry, has been established, although it cannot operate at full speed until the committees of experts complete their work. This military government can and does draw on Arab bureaucrats—postmasters, water specialists, and the like—and seeks insofar as possible to maintain the local governmental structures; but since it is a military government and is concerned about security and responsible for basic policy, it must be run from the top by Israelis. That means the loss of skilled technicians to the Israeli economy. The manager of a major Tel Aviv bank is financial adviser to the West Bank military government. A leading Jerusalem lawyer, the legal guide to important industrial clients, is now on the Judge Advocate General's staff in Old Jerusalem. In civilian life the military governor of the Gaza Strip is the head of a big industrial enterprise. Reservists with humbler but still productive civilian occupations spend their days giving out passes to Old Jerusalem residents wishing to visit their numerous relatives in other West Bank cities.

In normal society there is always expansion: houses and factories are constructed, machinery is purchased, plans become reality. But the Israelis do not know what they will end up with when all the diplomatic discussion is completed. They face the agonizing question of whether it is worthwhile to invest energy and funds in territory they may have to surrender. (This concept does not apply to Old Jerusalem, which the Israelis, believing the nineteen years of division to have been artificial and ridiculous, intend to hold at all costs.) Similarly, the West Bank Arabs can hardly plan unless they know their future, unless they know whether in six months' time they will be dealing in Jordanian dinars or Israeli pounds, using Haifa port or Aqaba harbor.

The problem does not really arise in the Gaza Strip: its only product

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of value is oranges, and its populace is by and large unproductive. But the area's very unproductivity creates another problem.

The Israelis surrendered to international pressure and withdrew from the Strip in 1957 on the understanding that the United Nations Emergency Force would stand between them and Egyptian-inspired marauders. They are not willing to accept such arrangements again. They wish to rid themselves once and for all of the danger of sabotage raids from the Strip.

The details are vague thus far, but the Israelis have established a Refugee Rehabilitation and Settlement Authority to resettle tens of thousands of refugees now living idly in tiny huts in the Strip or on the West Bank. Presumably they would be resettled on the West Bank, the Strip having neither room nor economic possibilities, while the West Bank does possess some potentially cultivable land. The cost clearly would be tremendous; the Israelis figure $15,000 to $20,000 per family, but hope the UNRWA and the international community will help bear the cost. Obviously, such a scheme could stimulate the West Bank's stagnant economy, but it would be a long-range project and its effects would not be felt for some time.

Beyond that is the unanswerable question of how many of the refugees can learn or relearn what, perhaps through no fault of their own, they have forgotten or never known—how to work.

The challenges posed by Israel's other conquests are simpler. The Golan Heights have few residents now. The Sinai Desert has a very small indigenous population. The problem in both areas is to guard and to secure. It is not a difficult task militarily but it does require manpower and money. Still, fewer men are needed to hold a place than to take it, and the reservists are trickling back to their homes and jobs.

In meeting problems of the Strip and the West Bank, Israel has the major advantage of possessing a strong cadre of trained administrators, economists, police officials, and so on. Israel is also accustomed to putting an administrative machine into effect at short order. When the British left Palestine in 1948 in what was then aptly known as Operation Chaos—pulling out from one town after another and leaving a vacuum —the Israelis were ready with all necessary organizations to fulfill the functions of government. When the Israelis occupied the Strip in 1956 they did the same. They are at it again. Ordinary Israeli soldiers handle the refugees with thoughtfulness and spend long days patiently carrying children and bundles down the steep incline to the improvised footbridge in the Jordan Valley's oppressive heat.

Learning to Live With It

At the same time, the Israelis face a major psychological problem that only time can resolve. Once the war began, they confidently expected to overrun the Sinai and capture the Strip and take the always threatening Syrian heights. But they did not expect to overwhelm the West Bank with its treasures and its multitude of Arabs. This particular victory came so quickly that the Israelis are stunned by it. Even the bold younger generation of technocrats and pragmatists does not quite know how to

deal with so overpowering a fact. It means a break with the siege mentality. It requires a readjustment to the hundreds of thousands of Arabs who could end up as citizens of a greater Israel or as partners in an Israel-West Bank Confederation. It demands a reorientation by many Israelis who, even as the Palestinian Arabs were taught to hate the Jews, grew to think of all Arabs as the enemy and as unapproachably different.

The current economic picture is complicated, peculiarly enough, by the fact that the *mitun* has not yet dissipated itself. Construction activity limps along. Productivity costs per man are still higher than the economy can afford. While there is again a shortage of skilled personnel, there is renewed unemployment among the unskilled.

But Israel has lived with *mitun* for some time and can continue to do so. The vital question remains—can Israel sustain the financial and manpower burden imposed by the conquests until peace or some viable agreement is reached? The answer, to anyone who knows the Israelis, is a definite "Yes." For one thing, the contributions of world Jewry can be expected to continue for the duration of the crisis and probably beyond that point. And Israel confidently expects other international monetary aid. Tourism is expected to blossom with the holy places now united in Israeli hands.

THE PURELY internal factors are more important. The economy has grown considerably since the confrontation with the Arab powers in 1956-1957; it is now more flexible; the national and individual belts can be tightened a good deal before pain is felt. Israel is a working society which has again proved that it can take on added duties; the shortage of skilled personnel is being overcome by establishing informal priorities and by having some men work longer days, which they seem willing to do. Israel is united as never before. This does not necessarily mean an end to political infighting. Men struggle over principles and power under all circumstances; and while the cabinet is united on Israel's basic goal, a government of so many contrasting elements naturally represents a variety of approaches. A period of protracted international negotiation could lead to severe tensions.

The Israelis have paid what they consider to have been a high price in blood and tears for their new-won security and they are unwilling to repeat what they generally now view as the mistakes of the post-Sinai campaign period.

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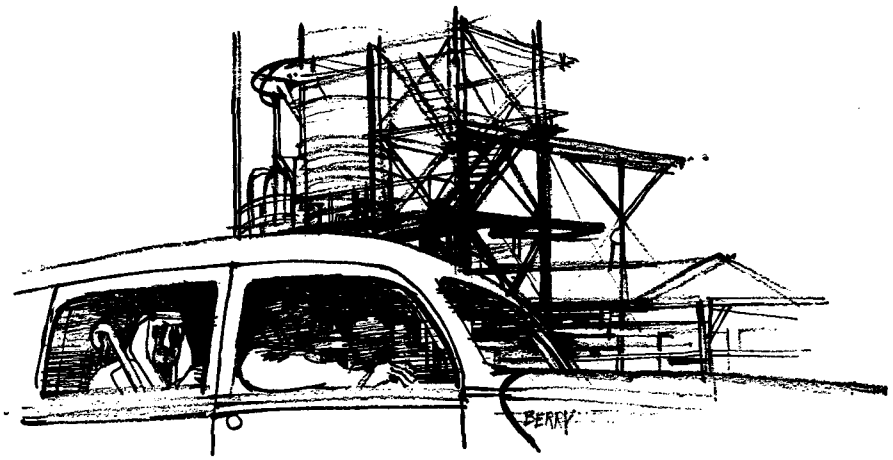

The Politics of Petroleum

JOHN H. LICHTBLAU

DURING the first five days after the Arab-Israel cease-fire, oil exports were totally halted by Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Libya, and the Arabian sheikdoms of Abu Dhabi and Qatar. Only Iran among the Middle East producers and Algeria among the Arab countries continued their exports. With the total loss in Arab shipments amounting to about nine million barrels daily, all the available spare capacity in the non-Arab world, including the half-idle wells of Texas and Louisiana, could not have made up more than a third of the loss. Had the total shutdown continued for another thirty days, rigid petroleum rationing would have been necessary throughout the Eastern Hemisphere. It was clear that Arab control of the world's richest petroleum deposits, if used collectively and for a sustained period, could be a formidable weapon, especially against Europe.

Fortunately, the collective Arab power was not sustained. By July 1 only Libya and Iraq were still holding out, and the latter had resumed supplying France and Turkey. The combined production of Libya and Iraq—3.2 million barrels daily—is at least ten per cent more than the total available short-term spare capacity around the world. If both were to maintain their embargo, the oil situation throughout the Eastern Hemisphere would become very tight in less than a month. And if Nigeria (now on the verge of a civil war) also suspended its production of more than half a million barrels a day, the worldwide supply pinch could become acute. Britain's decision to prepare gasoline rationing cards reflects this possibility.

The importance of Libya and Iraq is not ascribable solely to the volume of their production; it also lies in the fact that neither country's exports have to go through the Suez Canal. Libya is in North Africa, and Iraq has two pipelines to the Mediterranean (crossing Syria) through which some seventy per cent of its oil normally is pumped. Unlike the violently anti-western government of Iraq, Libya had a practical commercial approach to oil; its largest market is West Germany. But the régime of old King Idris is weak and subject to pressure from neighboring Egypt. This explains Libya's delay in resuming exports: to do so would have dissipated the effect of Nasser's Suez Canal blockade.

A Dangerous Dependence

What all this means in terms of Arab oil arithmetic is that of the four major Arab oil producers, no one country can cause an oil shortage by turning off its exports. Any two could cause only a moderate shortage, bothersome and costly but not disruptive—unless the two countries were Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, in which case the shortage would be severe. And any three can cause a world oil shortage of major proportions within forty to sixty days, according to the time of the year.

The two aspects of Arab control of oil are the ability to close down production and to block transportation via the Suez Canal and the pipelines. Until this year the two had never been used together. During the Suez crisis of 1956-1957, the oil continued to flow to the level of available shipping capacity. The problem then was strictly logistics—the rerouting of shipments to Europe after the blockade of the Suez Canal and the disruption in Syria of the pipelines from Iraq. Today, a now partial but very real embargo exists in addition to these same two transportation bottlenecks and the closing of the Saudi Arabian pipeline (which runs through territory now in Israeli hands but which stayed open during the earlier crisis). It is total for all the Arab states as far as shipments to the United States and Great Britain are concerned—a matter of little direct consequence to America but important to Britain. Ironically, the predominantly American- and British-controlled oil companies have to acquiesce in this boycott against their own nations in order to supply clients in Europe.

President Nasser, in his first address to the nation after the Egyptian debacle, set the tone for the Arabs' oil politicking when he ended by saying, "Don't forget that the U.S. Sixth Fleet runs on Arab oil." Algerian Foreign Minister Abdelaziz Bouteflika put it this way late in June: "The West needs Arab oil much more urgently than the Arabs need to sell it to the West."

Algeria is a special case. Though oil is its major export, it has a relatively diversified economy. For all other Arab oil countries, petroleum represents virtually the sole source of revenue and foreign exchange. In the short run, all oil-producing Arab countries probably have enough financial reserves to do without oil income, but in the longer run their economies would collapse. Nevertheless, the Arabs are

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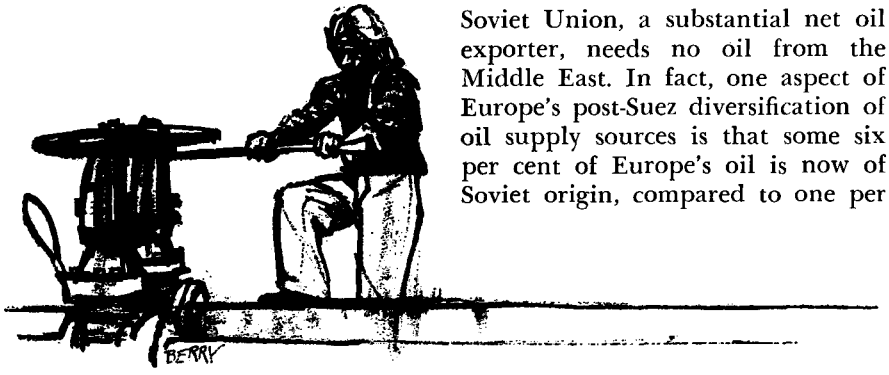
clearly determined to use oil as a weapon in their struggle to regain what they have lost. The question is, How effective will the weapon prove to be?

Europe's dependence on Arab oil has nearly tripled in the ten years since the Suez crisis, when Europe got its first serious warning that the Arab nations could and would use oil to gain political objectives. Then, after an initial panic, the rerouting or replacing of Middle East oil proved possible at a loss in imports of only nine per cent during the six months the canal was closed. But in 1956 oil accounted for only about twenty-five per cent of Europe's energy needs. Since then these needs have risen at an annual rate of more than four per cent, and oil—most of it imported from the Middle East and Africa—now accounts for about fifty-five per cent of the much bigger total. The 3.5 million barrels a day shipped to Europe last year from the Arab Middle East followed largely the same routes—the Suez Canal and the Iraqi and Saudi Arabian pipelines—as the two million barrels a day that were shipped in 1956. In addition, last year two million barrels a day came from Arab North Africa, where no oil was produced in 1956.

IT MIGHT APPEAR strange that after all the talk about the need to diversify sources of supply following the Suez crisis, Europe's dependence on Arab oil should have increased so tremendously. Actually, there was a considerable geographic and logistic diversification, for the tremendous oil fields discovered in Libya and the smaller ones found in Algeria are closer to Europe than the older sources and do not need to ship through the Suez Canal. But there was no political diversification. With the exception of the Nigerian wells, the new sources of supply were still Arab, though this factor was generally minimized in the West because few people expected a real demonstration of unity among the North African and the Middle East Arabs.

This, however, is just what happened in June. Even Algeria's continuation of normal production helps the Arab cause by influencing the French stand on the Arab-Israeli war. France has a special state oil treaty with Algeria, the only West European country to have such an agreement with a supplier nation. (The current crisis has revived discussions in Europe about the need for more direct intergovernmental contact on oil matters between producing and consuming countries.) For this advantage France pays Algeria a price considerably above the world market. These arrangements have now paid off; and while there is certainly more than one reason for President de Gaulle's stand, the availability of Algerian oil, which currently supplies almost forty per cent of France's import needs, is not the least among them. Algerian President Houari Boumédienne's attitude toward non-French oil interests became clear last month when he took over all U.S., British, and Dutch oil companies in Algeria and reportedly will permanently nationalize them. And in Paris, where the Organization of Economic Cooperation and Development met to consider a U.S. proposal for declaring an oil emergency, France helped defeat the plan, declaring that to vote in favor would compromise its "neutrality" in the Arab-Israeli conflict. West Germany also was opposed, on the ground that it might adversely affect Libya's attitude on resuming oil shipments.



Another instance of Arab oil policy in action was reported from Saudi Arabia, where the Japanese, who have offshore production in the so-called Neutral Zone between that kingdom and Kuwait, were advised to maintain strict neutrality in the present crisis if they expected to receive oil from their concession. Japan depends on the Arab Middle East for about sixty-two per cent of its oil. Britain in particular is under increasing pressure. Though the all-Arab embargo on oil shipments to Britain can be offset by more imports from Nigeria, Venezuela, Iran, and the United States, some of this oil will have to be paid for in dollars, which would have a negative effect on Britain's balance of payments. Furthermore, the Sheik of Kuwait and most other Arab oil rulers are very large contributors to the inflow side of the British balance of payments. If they should decide to shift a large part of their $1.5 billion of Britain's investments into other money markets, the pound could be seriously weakened.

Arab solidarity is still a good deal less binding than the Arab nationalists would like it to be. But for those five days in June the awesome potential of a successful embargo was plain to be seen, and the West must face the possibility that it will be used again.

Soviet Instigation

What is Russia's interest in Arab oil? There is no doubt that as a result of the recent events, the Soviet Union will become much more firmly entrenched in the area to the detriment of western interests. The Soviet Union, a substantial net oil exporter, needs no oil from the Middle East. In fact, one aspect of Europe's post-Suez diversification of oil supply sources is that some six per cent of Europe's oil is now of Soviet origin, compared to one per cent in 1956. However, the Soviet Union can be expected to be just as interested in the potential of Arab oil as a lever against Western Europe and Japan as are the Arab governments, even though its ability to use this leverage is apt to be limited by Arab politics and Arab self-interest. Should the pro-Soviet governments in Egypt, Syria, and Iraq succeed in overthrowing the conservative oil monarchies, the Soviet access to such leverage

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would, of course, greatly increase.

In the final analysis, Arab oil can be sold only in the West, and most of the refineries and oil-distribution networks in the West are fully or partly owned by the major U.S. and British-Dutch international companies. Hence the Soviet Union has so far been unable to show the Arabs an acceptable way to by-pass the private western oil companies. But it can and certainly will continue to make trouble for the western oil interests in the area. The companies that represent these interests are chronically engaged in disputes with local governments on such matters as taxes, royalties, pipeline fees, oil prices, employment of nationals, and local use of natural gas. A political element is almost always present in these disputes, and the growing Soviet influence in the area can be used to exacerbate these tensions, thereby rendering settlement on mutually acceptable terms more difficult.

The dispute between Syria and the U.S.-British-French Iraq Petroleum Company over pipeline transportation fees last February and March provides a case in point. The issue was an economic one, but with the encouragement of the Soviet Union, Syria's government turned it into a major anti-western campaign. All Iraqi pipelines were closed for two months, yet despite the damage to its economy, the Iraqi government for political reasons had to stand by silently while the various owners of Iraq Petroleum shifted their production to other areas without much difficulty. In the end, the IPC not only met the Syrian demands but also came to Baghdad's rescue with a generous advance of royalties to cover Iraq's short-term losses.

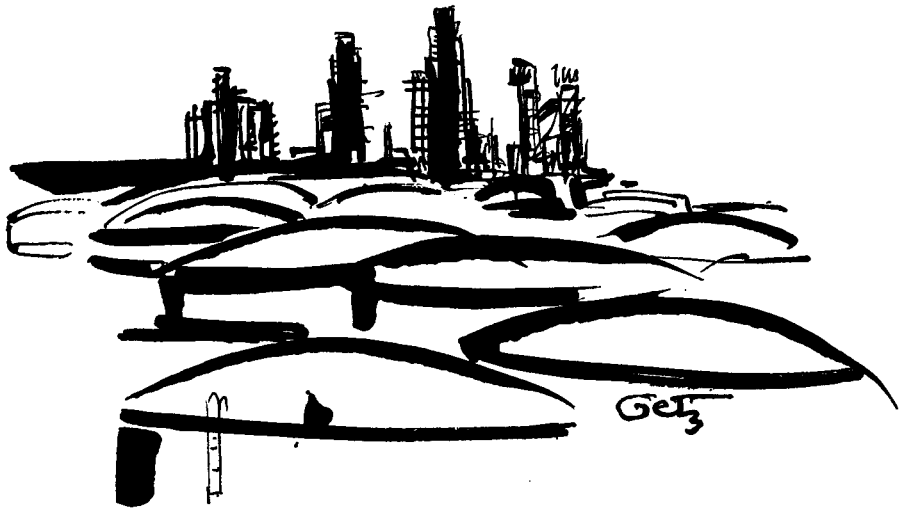
The Soviet Union can be expected to encourage more such disputes, and in pursuit of its aims, to support Arab demands for nationalization of oil companies. But the hereditary rulers of the three biggest Arab oil producers, Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, and Libya, are clearly not in favor of nationalization at this time and are well aware that Russia supports the leaders of Egypt and Syria in part because they are bent on overthrowing the monarchies and sheikdoms. This is one of the chief causes for disunity in the Arab world, and the increased Soviet influence in the area is not calculated to reduce it.

WHAT should the West do in this situation to protect its interests? In terms of its own fuel needs, the United States needs to do very little, since we have made ourselves totally independent of Eastern Hemisphere oil, at considerable cost, and have also built up enough spare capacity to supply ten to twelve per cent of Europe's oil needs. The other western countries are less fortunate. They will need Arab oil in increasing quantities for a long time to come. The *Economist* of London has estimated that by 1975 Europe will require seventy-one per cent more Arab oil than in 1966.

Thus, the only thing the West can do—and it absolutely must do it—is to continue and increase its efforts to diversify the supply sources. Opening the fields of Nigeria, which by 1970 will join the club of million-barrels-daily oil exporters, was an important step in the right direction. Oil companies are also finding new deposits in West Africa and on the west coast of South America. Venezuela, too, still has considerable undeveloped reserves that could be brought into production. But geographical diversification does not guarantee security and stability of production. From this viewpoint, the huge natural-gas field in Holland is far more significant. Even more important could be the British gas finds in the North Sea. It is to be hoped that they will now be developed on a crash basis with more governmental concern for speed and volume than for the extraction of the lowest possible price from the companies that found the gas. As the United States has learned, minimum costs and maximum security are not always compatible in the development of energy resources. The indigenous gas will restore some of Europe's energy sources to its own soil. By 1980 the newly found fuel is expected to supply ten to twelve per cent of Europe's energy requirements, compared to 3.5 per cent last year. Since gas and oil are competitive in many of their uses, the growing supply of natural gas will gradually diminish Europe's reliance on oil imports.

In the longer term, Europe can count on atomic energy, now finally becoming a commercial proposition in the generation of electric power. In the very short term, however, and as a result of the current crisis, Europe and Japan may have to increase their oil stocks, perhaps with the help of government funds, since commercially it may be too costly for private companies to maintain a level of stocks deemed sufficient for national security purposes.

If all these things are done, Arab oil will still be important in the world energy supply but it will no longer dominate it, nor will it offer the Soviet Union the prospect of such a potentially rewarding return for meddling in the Middle East.



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Return to Jerusalem

NORMAN KOTKER

THERE ARE eight gates that lead into the ancient city of Jerusalem. Until June, half of them were closed. One of them—the one called Beautiful or Golden Gate—was walled up in the sixteenth century by the Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent to make sure that the Messiah would never come through, as legend said he would, and disrupt the orderly government of the city. Three others—the Zion Gate, the Jaffa Gate, the New Gate—were shut by Jordan in 1948 to keep the Israelis out of the city. "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem," the Jews sing. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem. . . . Peace be within thy walls. . . ." Their prayer remains unanswered. There is still no peace in Jerusalem. But the prediction has come true, for once more Jews can walk in the streets of their ancient capital.

For the past nineteen years, no Jew had been allowed within the walls of the Old City, which remained under Arab control. After a fierce siege and battle during the first Arab-Jewish war of 1948, the Jews had fled from the quarter of the Old City that had traditionally been theirs. It has stood almost empty ever since, a bombed-out ruin, its synagogues and buildings a heap of rubble. On Jordanian maps of Jerusalem the area is referred to as "ex-Jewish Quarter." The few buildings left standing in the quarter are inhabited by Arab refugees from the area which those same maps call "Jewish-occupied Palestine." The armistice agreement between the Jews and Arabs had called for free access to all the holy places. In practice this meant that Christian Arabs from Israel were allowed to visit their shrines in the city at Christmas and Eastertime. But Jews—from Israel or anywhere else—were never allowed entry.

One half of Jerusalem was available to the Jews, but it was somewhat inauthentic, having originated

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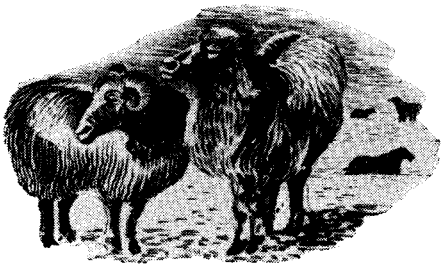
in modern times as a suburb outside the walls. From the time the city became divided in 1948, the Israelis developed a passion for looking into the Old City. The border between Israel and Jordan was about half a mile from the site of the ancient Temple, which pious Jews are supposed to visit on a pilgrimage three times a year—at the springtime festivals of Passover and Shavuoth, and the autumn festival of Succoth. As these holidays approach, the Israeli trains are filled with pilgrims following the Biblical injunction to go up to Jerusalem. Fervent young men ride the cars on the narrow line that winds up to the city through the Judean hills. They carry prayer shawls and prayerbooks and urge their fellow passengers, religious or not, to put on the shawls and recite the psalms that were sung two thousand years ago by Jewish pilgrims marching along the highway to Jerusalem to sacrifice at the Temple.

When they reached the modern city, Jewish pilgrims climbed Mount Zion, the one section of the ancient city that remained in Israeli hands. They ascended the roofs of the buildings on the Mount and tried to look over the old walls to catch sight of the Wailing Wall, the one portion of the ancient Temple that survived destruction by the Romans in 70 A.D. It was not only the pious who tried to look into the Old City. All Israelis seem eager to do it. The guidebooks to Israeli Jerusalem list place after place from which a good view can be obtained.

Even foreign tourists in Israel, who knew they were going over to the other side, always got caught up in the excitement and took part in the game, peering into the future, spotting this tower and that dome and that hill with all the fervor of a religious fanatic trying to envision the outlines of the heavenly Jerusalem. Elsewhere in Israel and throughout the world, Jews at Passover promise themselves that they will spend the following Passover in the Holy City. "Next year in Jerusalem" are the final words of the Passover service. In Jerusalem itself, Jews say, "Next year in the heavenly Jerusalem" and then try to catch a glimpse of the worldly Old City. Even in their homeland the Jews have still in a sense been on the outside looking in.

But that is not unusual. For no one is really at home in Jerusalem. Much of the population of the Old City consists of Arab refugees. The vast majority of the Jews of the New City, like most Israelis, are immigrants. The Moslems survive there economically, and have for centuries, only because Jerusalem is a Christian shrine. The chief business of the Old City is Christianity. Except during the British Mandate and the brief lifetime of the medieval Crusader Kingdom of Jerusalem, Christians lived in and visited the city only on the sufferance of the Moslem authorities. The Catholics share corners here and there in some holy places controlled by the Orthodox Church; in other shrines, they play reluctant host to schismatic Maronite priests. Members of the Coptic Church have a precarious little shrine on the roof of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which officially belongs to the Orthodox and the Catholics; but these sects, in turn, have to entrust the key to the church to a Moslem.

On the Jewish side of the city, the pious try their hardest, even to the extent of throwing stones (stoning is a punishment that comes naturally in that rocky land) at the secular Jews to make them feel unwelcome,



and many secular Jews remind their ultra-orthodox brothers, a minority in the city, that here once again they dwell, self-segregated, in a ghetto in a city of unbelievers. It is only the pilgrims who seem to feel at home. For Jerusalem, despite the religious skepticism of many of its inhabitants, is still a temple city, a cult center as it was in antiquity.

Moslems consider the city holy because it was from Jerusalem that Mohammed is supposed to have ascended to heaven one evening, on a winged horse, to converse with the heavenly hosts. The mark of his horse's hoof is still pointed out on the great rock that stands at the center of the Dome of the Rock, Jerusalem's most beautiful building and one of Islam's most sacred shrines. The rock's sanctity long antedated Mohammed's heavenly journey, however. Pious Jews believe that it marks the spot where Abraham, obeying God's command, started to offer up his son Isaac as a sacrifice. The rock stood beneath the altar of Solomon's Temple, and on it the Hebrew priests slaughtered sacrificial lambs and poured out wine before God twice each day, morning and evening, for almost a thousand years.

Christians revere the city as the site of the Crucifixion and Resurrection. Jerusalem contains dozens of Christian shrines, the Virgin Mary's birthplace, the Garden of Gethsemane, the site of Jesus's scourging and His trial, and the route He followed on His way to Golgotha.

Except for a few years during the Crusades, Moslems have always enjoyed the freedom to visit their shrines in Jerusalem. For Moslems have been in control of the city for most of the time since the Arabs first conquered Jerusalem in 637 A.D. Christians have had a less easy time making pilgrimages to their shrines. The Crusades were initiated in part because fanatical Moslems in the eleventh century forbade the presence of Christians in the Holy City. After the Crusades ended with the Moslem reconquest of Jerusalem, Christian pilgrims were permitted to visit the city. But the journals of the pilgrims who came are filled with tales of harassment and discomfort. Some of their discomfort was the normal suffering of tourists in any age and any place. But most of it came from the fact that the city's proprietors viewed Jerusalem as a great economic asset, and did their best to exploit the pilgrim traffic, extorting every penny they could from pious visitors to the shrines. It was not until the end of the last century that Christians were permitted to visit the shrines without bribing the authorities.

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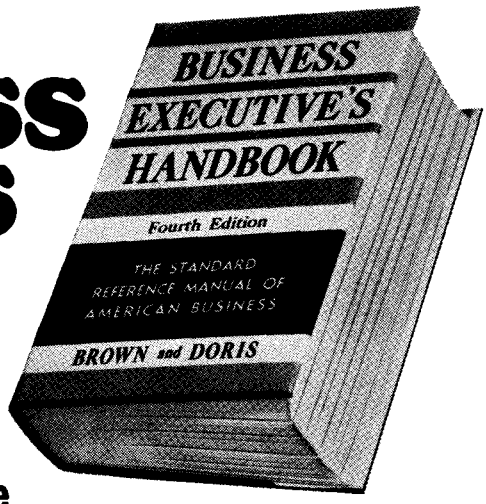

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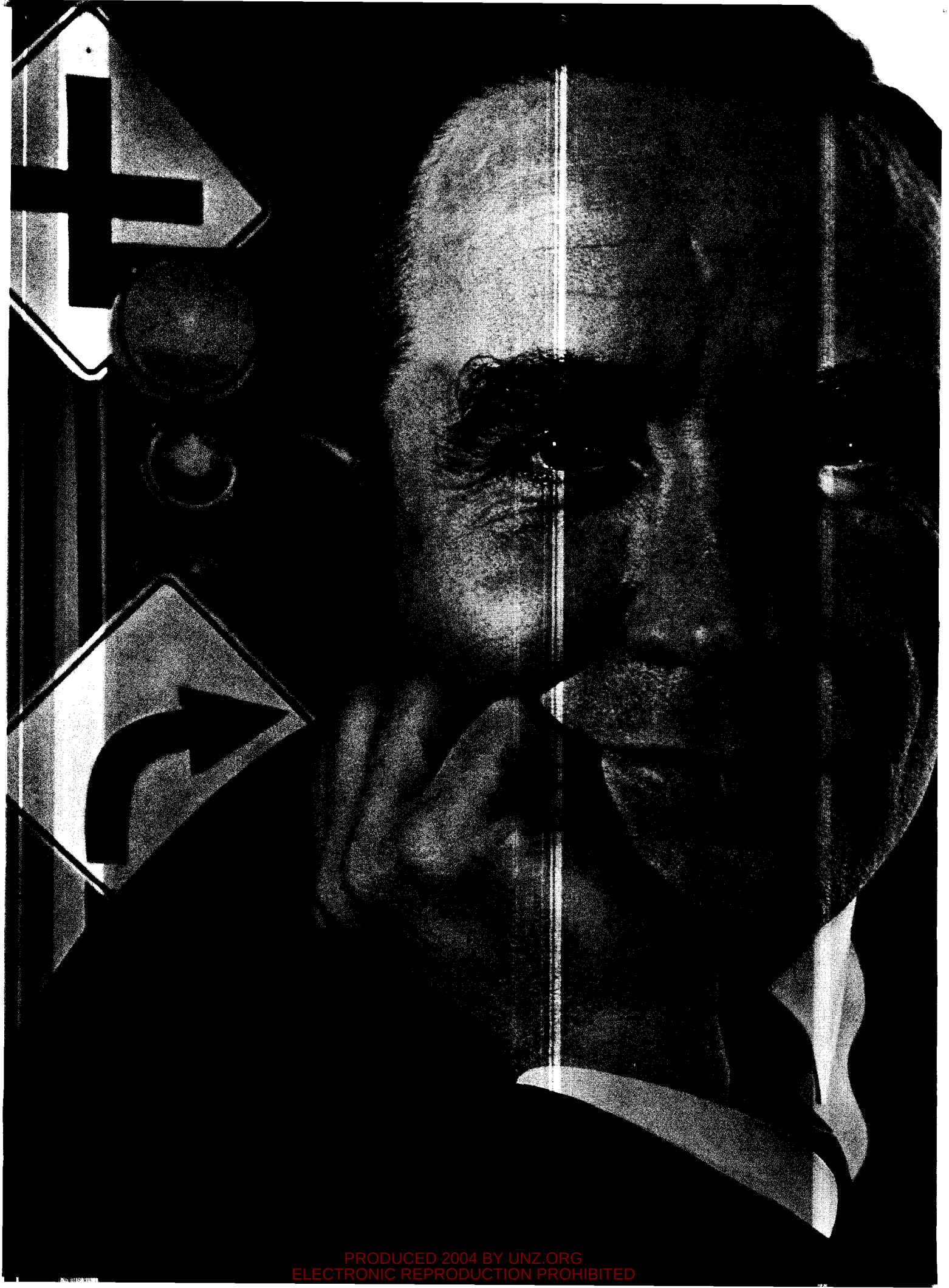

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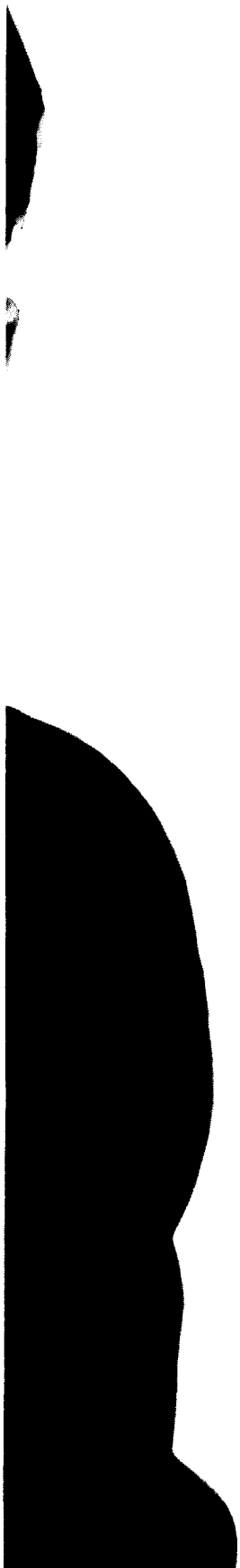

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The Port Authority's own researchers had previously shown in experiments that the duration of tunnel traffic congestion could be significantly cut. Now, the new strategies developed with the help of computers promise even more encouraging results in controlling the tunnel's specialized traffic situation.

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Johnny B. Mills, Jr., production man, Chevrolet plant, Willow Run, Michigan

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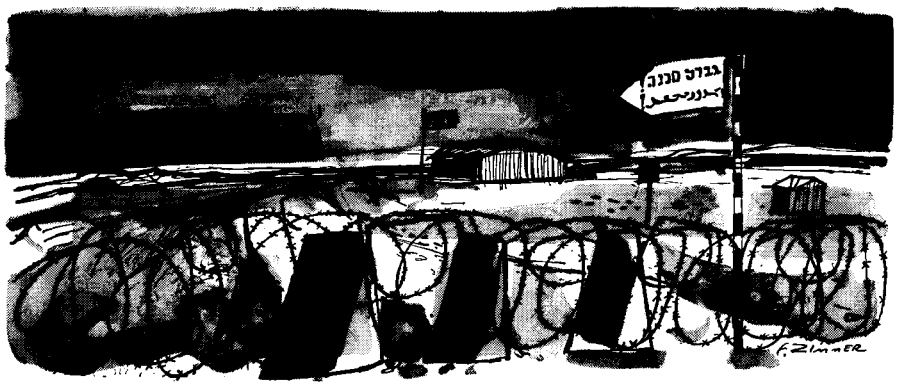
the city was under Moslem control, the Jews, like the Christians, managed to retain their connection with it. Jews had first come to Jerusalem around 1000 B.C., when King David conquered the city and made it his capital. It remained the Jewish capital for more than a thousand years. At various times over that millennium, the Jewish nation was conquered by Egyptians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians, Syrians, Greeks, and Romans; but Jerusalem and its Temple—destroyed and rebuilt several times—remained the center of the Jewish life. In the year 132 A.D., however, after a series of bloody and unsuccessful rebellio by the Jews against their Roman overlords, the Emperor Hadrian issued an order turning Jerusalem into a Roman city.

As a result of his edict, a temple, dedicated to Jupiter, was constructed on the site of the Jewish Temple, which had recently been destroyed as a result of one of the rebellions. The figure of a swine—an animal abhorrent to Jews—was carved over the main gate of the town, to remind the Jews that the city no longer belonged to them. The name of the province Jerusalem was changed from Judea, a Jewish name, to Palestina, a name recalling the Jews' ancient enemies the Philistines. Jerusalem itself was given the Roman name Aelia Capitolina. And no Jew was allowed to enter the new city; any Jew caught within its walls was crucified.

DESPITE the Roman law against them, Jews eventually managed to return to Jerusalem. For a fee, they were finally permitted to pray at the Wailing Wall, mourning the Temple's destruction and the defeat of their nation. Jews even worked their way back to the city as residents. The Jewish community remained vigorous in Jerusalem and the rest of Palestine. In the sixth century there was even, oddly enough, a tiny autonomous Jewish republic on the island of Tiran in the Gulf of Aqaba, opposite Sharm el Sheikh, where the Egyptian establishment of a blockade last month led to the Middle Eastern crisis. In 614, when the Persians conquered the country, they re-established a Hebrew republic with its center at Jersualem.



The Jews had welcomed the Persians as deliverers, and in return for their help they received control of Jerusalem. They celebrated the restoration of the city by re-establishing services at the site of the Temple, sacrificing animals once again according to the prescribed ritual after a lapse of five hundred years. But the Persians quickly realized that the Jews were by now a minority in Palestine. If the country was going to be held, the Christian inhabitants had to be placated; and in 617 they went back on their agreement, put an end to the Jewish government of Jerusalem, and forbade Jews to live in the city and within three miles of its walls.

The Christians soon recaptured Jerusalem and drove the Persians out, but they did not hold it for long. For a few years later, in 637, Mohammed's friend and follower, the conquering Arab Caliph Omar, rode his camel up to the gates of Jerusalem and demanded that the city surrender. The Christian inhabitants capitulated to him, but asked for guarantees that he would protect their holy places and allow no Jews to live in the city. Omar agreed to their demand.

Despite his promise, Jews were eventually allowed to resettle in Jerusalem. In the Holy City, as elsewhere in the Moslem domains throughout the Middle Ages, Jews enjoyed relative toleration. Pious Jews came to Jerusalem to die. A group of ascetics lived there, praying night and day for the restoration of the Temple and the coming of the Messiah. The city attracted Jewish scholars from Western Europe as well as from all over the Arab world.

For centuries, in the Middle Ages and thereafter, Messianic movements arose among the Jews of Europe and Asia. Periodically, excited crowds would gather to prepare for a return to the Holy City. At the time of the Crusades, Jews of Persia and Iraq planned to march toward Palestine to conquer the land for themselves just as the Christian Crusaders had done. In the year 1147, the Jews of Baghdad gave all their possessions to charity and stood on the rooftops of their houses, waiting for angels to come and carry them away to Jerusalem. In the sixteenth and again in the seventeenth century, Jewish leaders attempted to arrange a return of their people to the Holy Land. Their efforts were always frustrated, but Jerusalem continued to attract the more pious among them. They dwelt in their own quarter in the southwest corner of the city and maintained a burial ground outside the city walls on the western slope of the Mount of Olives. There thousands of crumbling gravestones, inscribed with Hebrew letters, still testify to the Jewish belief that it is in Jerusalem that the Angel Gabriel will announce the resurrection of all the dead. Those fortunate souls who had had the foresight to be buried in the city will be the first to rise.

IT WAS NOT the Messiah or the angels but Zionist yearnings that finally brought the Jews back to Jerusalem. In the nineteenth century, they established their first suburb outside the city walls. Eventually the suburb grew, extending westward for miles over the rocky, treeless Judean Hills. As the Jewish city grew westward, it turned away from the frowning, inscrutable walls of the Old City. Today it looks like

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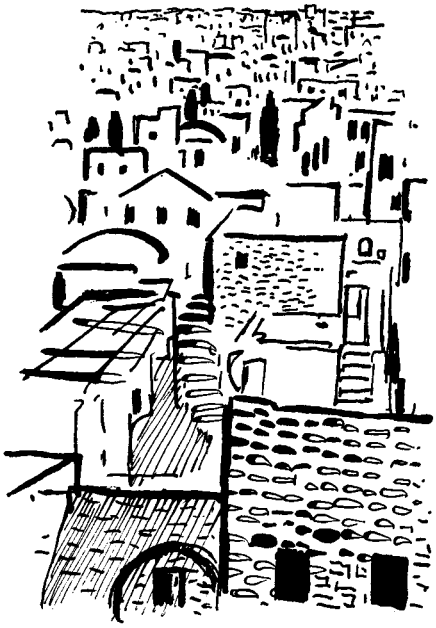
a western town, complete with miniskirts and modern architecture. Its citizens attend pop art exhibitions. Its newspapers carry advertisements for such western phenomena as life-insurance policies and weight-watchers' clubs. Western influence is so profound that in one hotel menu



the old Jewish standby gefilte fish is described as "carpe farcie à la juive."

But despite the western orientation of the Jewish section of the city, it is always evident that this is Jerusalem the holy. The city "set among the hills," as one psalm says, is half a mile closer to heaven than Rome or London is. Many of the streets bear Biblical names—Samuel the Prophet, King Solomon, Ezekiel, Amos. On the busses, signs in Hebrew proclaim, "Thou shalt not smoke." And the orthodox—men with side curls and long black coats, women bewigged and desperately unfashionable—are everywhere in evidence. If access to the Old City is retained, the aura of scanctity is apt to become even more pervasive. But it will be tempered somewhat—at least from an orthodox Jewish point of view—by the fact that the undivided city will have a sizable number of Christian and Moslem inhabitants; for their sake, the city ordinance against running busses on Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, would have to be relaxed.

If Israel does retain control of all of Jerusalem, it will be the Old City that sees most of the changes, however. Jews are already reoccupying their synagogues and houses in the southwest quarter. One hotel—called the Aelia Capitolina to remind the Arabs of that glorious time when no Jews were allowed in the city—will probably have its name changed. Pictures of Hussein and Nasser will come down from the walls of the Arab shops. The schoolroom maps that show the Arab empire at its height in the centuries before the Christians took back Spain and the Jews took back Jewish-occupied Palestine will be put away in closets. The market stalls will no longer have bins full of Nescafé, chewing gum, and canned meats; American aid to Jordan provided the Arabs with these luxuries, which the Israelis could never afford to import in such quantities. Neat little blue signs will appear all over the city to mark sites of historic or religious interest. Israeli policemen will control, far more effectively than the Arabs ever did, the horrendous traffic jam that develops every Friday on the Via Dolorosa, when the pilgrims follow the route of the stations of the Cross. And, of course, the tourist and pilgrim money will all be going to Israel instead of Jordan.

But many things will remain the same. The pilgrims with their cameras and souvenir Arab headdresses will hardly change. The souvenir shops—the IX Station of the Cross Bazaar, the St. Anne Souvenir Shop, the aptly named Veronica Photography Shop—will continue to sell fake antiquities, imitation crowns of thorns, Jordan River water, rosaries made from olive pits gathered on the Mount of Olives, icons of Christ (although these items will probably be moved closer together on the shelves to make room for orlon yarmulkes and plastic menorahs). No doubt sacks of American wheat flour will still be handed out to the city's poor in a yard beside St. Stephen's Gate, although the poor will no longer be called Arab refugees. The markets will still be crowded with gnarled and ancient porters bearing enormous burdens on their backs, and village women, in beautifully embroidered gowns, squatting in the dust all day to sell a basketful of tomatoes or a dozen eggs.

David Ben-Gurion has recently suggested that the Israelis tear down the sixteenth-century walls that surround the Old City, joining the two halves of Jerusalem—Arab and Jewish—into one unified city. His enthusiasm is certainly misplaced—the Old City of Jerusalem is one of the best-preserved medieval walled towns remaining to us. But the Holy City should be a place where Jew and Arab can mix. By its very nature, Jerusalem is a border city. It is the last outpost before the desert begins. As you come up to it from the coast, through the rocky Judean Hills, the landscape becomes more and more barren, the hills stonier, higher, and emptier. But there are occasional brooks, occasional fertile terraces and olive groves. At Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives, the connection with the fertile coast is broken. East of the Mount of Olives, there is another geography, a barren wilderness, a stony lunar landscape that slopes sharply down to the salty shores of the Dead Sea.

Jerusalem can only be understood if it is approached—and approachable—from both the east and the west, from the Arab desert and the Israeli coast. The city has always served as a link between the coast and the desert. Its history has linked Jew to Christian, Christian to Mos-

lem, and, as most of its inhabitants would point out, earth to heaven. It is the link to heaven, unfortunately, that has caused most of the city's troubles.

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The Fight for Quality On Two Negro Campuses

PAUL CLANCY

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA

When the contracts of three white instructors at the otherwise all-Negro South Carolina State College in Orangeburg were not renewed early in March, a campus revolt was born. Administrative efforts to crush it only made matters worse: after students who led a march to the president's office were suspended, a boycott was called and for three weeks only a handful of the thirteen hundred undergraduates went to classes. The others stayed out in the face of threats of wholesale dismissals and a shutdown of the school. It was only after the students threatened a forty-mile march to Columbia to see the governor that negotiators went to work and concessions were made.

In early May, students at Allen University, a private church-run Negro college in Columbia, temporarily closed down the institution in their demands for quality education. Other demonstrations—some peaceful, some not—broke out this spring at Negro colleges in Jackson, Birmingham, Savannah, Baton Rouge, and Houston. They stirred the easy tranquillity of one campus after another in a chain reaction that has given the Southern Negro one more stage on which to act out his fight for equality. Although these colleges help to educate thousands of Negroes every year, they also help to promote segregation, and many of them were established for that reason. They have long played their part by turning out a conservative middle class of ministers and teachers who too often have been willing to accept the status quo. The system has been effective for more than a hundred years, but today it is breaking down.

There are some eighty predominantly Negro or all-Negro four-year colleges in the United States. The majority rank near the bottom academically. Among the best are Howard University in Washington, D.C., Fisk in Nashville, Morehouse and Spelman in Atlanta, Tuskegee near Montgomery, and Hampton Institute in Hampton, Virginia. Howard is the largest with 7,270 undergraduates. It also has the only important doctoral program. Most of the others offer graduate degrees only in education and are much smaller, with an average enrollment of less than a thousand. The combined enrollment is about 125,000 Negroes, all but 10,000 in the South.

By and large, these schools draw their students from among those who cannot meet the standards of the now integrated state universities. Many of them, however, simply prefer to study in the more congenial atmosphere of a Negro college. The students come from segregated secondary schools that are among the worst in the country. They arrive and depart with a second-rate education and pass it on to their children and, if they become teachers, to their students. Some observers say that the day serious efforts are made to upgrade Negro colleges will be the day large numbers of Negro teachers begin teaching in white schools.

Separate but Inferior

South Carolina State College was founded in 1896 as the Colored Normal, Industrial, Agricultural and Mechanical College. That same year, the Supreme Court enunciated its separate-but-equal doctrine, and the college evolved into South Carolina's answer to the decision. Its primary aim is still "the development of useful, self-supporting citizens" and the controlled accommodation of Negroes who want a college education. Until last year, the college was overseen by a paternalistic all-white board of trustees; now two Negroes sit on the seven-man board.

The college is off the main street of the sleepy town of Orangeburg, a deeply conservative, rurally dominated community in the center of the state. The campus, an architectural hodgepodge of red brick and green modern in a setting of moss-hung trees, is surrounded by fences topped by barbed wire. The school offers training in liberal arts, agriculture, home economics, industrial education, teacher training, business, other applied arts and sciences, and ROTC. Graduate degrees are awarded only in education. As a result, until the white state colleges were integrated in 1964, all Negroes who wanted to enter any of the professions other than teaching had to go outside the state for their education. The college's physical plant is valued at about $8 million, slightly less than the price tag on the new coliseum now being built for the University of South Carolina.

Dr. B. C. Turner, a mild-mannered Negro who holds a law degree from

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Harvard, had been the college's president for seventeen years. Well liked by whites, Turner maintained that he always got whatever he requested from the legislature, an achievement his critics say he accomplished by never asking for anything. Turner saw State as a "developing institution" that had to work extra hard with students "who show the effects of three hundred years of history." If Turner had had his way, a Negro leader charged, it would have taken another three hundred years to make the college a first-rate institution. Though standards have been improving, State has a long way to go. As far as the students are concerned, the major issue is quality education through desegregation: they want white students and white teachers as insurance that their standards will continue to improve.

The salaries of the white instructors who were not given contracts for the next academic year were partially subsidized by the Woodrow Wilson Foundation. These teaching interns had doctorates from first-rate schools in chemistry, mathematics, and English. It was the students' first exposure to whites who took an active interest in them and invited them to their homes. Although they had one-year contracts, two of them wanted to stay another year. Getting rid of them meant going back to total segregation, with little hope that the college would ever attract white students or gain more attention from the tight-fisted South Carolina legislature.

THE UNREST that prevails on the small campus does not stop with the students. It cuts just as deeply into the ranks of a faculty that has been without a voice in the operation of the college since its beginning. Before the boycott, faculty members had not protested the conditions under which they taught: cramped quarters; no telephones, typists, or visual aids; no encouragement from the administration to be anything more than names on the payroll.

The faculty has followed the students in becoming organized. Led by Roland Haynes, a psychology professor who has some strong ideas about change, the teachers have set up a faculty senate. "What the school needs—the state of South Carolina needs—is a drastic shake-up in leadership and a philosophy of providing quality education for all its citizens, especially the Negro," Haynes has said. He believes that the boycott was a success because it focused statewide interest on the educational standards of Negro schools and created an atmosphere that could ultimately lead to the administration of Negro and white state-supported institutions in a single department. (South Carolina's colleges are autonomous and their budgets are dealt with individually by the legislature.)

Following the boycott, Negro leaders in the state set out to get rid of President Turner. A group called the Task Force for Quality Education circulated petitions at Negro churches and at NAACP chapter meetings calling for his resignation or dismissal. On the day before the petitions were to be presented to Governor Robert McNair, Turner announced his retirement. The same day, however, the chairman of the board of trustees offered the appointment to Howard Jordan, president of Savannah State College in Georgia, as Turner's successor. Negroes called Jordan "another Turner." Task Force protested vigorously and the board withdrew the appointment. The post remains vacant at this writing.

Black vs. Black

Allen University in Columbia, which is owned and operated by the African Methodist Episcopal Church, offers an interesting contrast to the state-run college in Orangeburg. Allen is one of the few colleges founded by Negroes (in 1870). Its heritage is as proud as that of the AME Church, which was born as a protest to segregation and has 125,000 members in the state. Now it, too, helps perpetuate segregation. Cynthia Shepherd, a Negro history instructor who is preparing a book on the church, said that the school is "engulfed in an unhealthy atmosphere of black power—in this instance, blacks dominating blacks. I can perceive the attempts being made to stifle the inquiring spirit of our youth; to shackle their minds to mediocrity; ignorance and apathy by teachers and preachers of a dead philosophy: status-quoism." Another instructor, this one white, called Allen "a den of racism."

Allen sits in the heart of one of Columbia's low-rent sections, with most of its campus squeezed into a city block. Allen's library contains only about twenty thousand volumes, most of them outdated. The average salary for a full professor is $7,716; for an assistant professor, $4,954.

Dean V. Dewey Annakin, a white retired sociology professor who came to Allen from Indiana State University in 1965, was regarded by the students as "our foremost champion of quality education." A short man with a booming voice and a quick intelligence, he was hired to pull Allen out of the academic cellar. This meant getting rid of deadwood on the faculty, deadwood with tenure, and the job was not easy. He brought in about a dozen white instructors, much to the displeasure of entrenched faculty members. In April, when he recommended not rehiring three Negro instructors, the board of trustees advised against it. Annakin resigned in May, saying, "I cannot help people who do not want to be helped."

A student boycott followed almost immediately and became total a few days later when barricades went up at entrances to the campus and pickets sealed off classrooms and the administration building. The students marched to the home of the bishop of the AME Church (who is also chairman of Allen's board of trustees) and, when they were ignored, hanged the bishop in effigy. Several Negro and white instructors supported the boycott and Annakin, although one of his Negro critics on the faculty issued a statement that sounded remarkably like something a white segregationist might say: "Dean Annakin is just another typical example of a northern outsider who feels that wisdom was born in the North with him."

The students felt that the loss of Annakin meant the loss of any chance the school might have had for accreditation. Without accreditation, most of the graduating teachers cannot get jobs in neighboring states, and getting into a graduate school from Allen is next to impos-

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sible. The state of Georgia has upgraded its certification standards and notified non-accredited schools, including Allen, that as of July 1 it will not accept any more of their graduates in its school system. Accreditation also means membership in the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools, which has strict standards about the separation of powers between a college's administration and its trustees. An official of the Southern Association issued a stern warning concerning Allen toward the end of last semester: "I find it difficult to believe that realistic distinctions between policy making and institutional management can be made, since there are such close family ties between members of the board and staff."

A Struggle at the Top

Allen has serious problems in other areas. The last page of the 1966 annual report, which was to have been devoted to a financial statement, is blank except for an apology from the president: "I regret I was unable to get a clear picture of the finances from the business manager in time for this report."

Chief among students' complaints is the suppression of free discussion in classes, particularly when their opinions differ from those of the instructors. They would also like to see a fixed schedule of fees from the business office as well as itemized accounts for that office. The school lacks such common necessities as soap and paper towels in the toilets, and wastebaskets, chalk, and erasers in many of the classrooms.

The average student, according to Annakin, enters Allen with an education equivalent to that of the average white high-school sophomore in the state, and leaves at the level of the average college sophomore. In order to get into graduate school, the student must spend at least a year in remedial study. Annakin planned to turn Allen into a five-year school where all but about ten per cent of the students would use the extra year to catch up.

When Annakin accepted the job at Allen, he did not know that he was walking into the midst of a bitter struggle between President Benjamin Glover, a Negro minister, and the board of trustees. The board is composed of 130 Negroes, half of them part of the AME hierarchy, the others lay members of the church. The presidency of Allen is one step removed from the bishopric, a post for which candidates actively campaign as though for a high political office. As a result there is constant pressure on the president to resign or make a mistake that will get him fired. Glover had fought as hard as anyone for the college presidency and fought to keep it. Board members, who insist that they have supported his attempts to move the school toward accreditation, deny that they were gunning for Glover.

Yet on May 25, commencement day, Glover was fired and given four days to get out of his office and a month to vacate his college-owned home. It was the second time in two years that a president had been fired on commencement day. "They wanted me to condemn the students in their search for quality education and to fire the faculty members and student leaders involved in the boycott," Glover said later. "And they wanted me to make a statement exonerating the board. I couldn't dismiss the students for demonstrating. I've done too much of that myself." One of the reasons for his dismissal, he said, was his discovery of graft and his refusal to take any.

THE TRUSTEES were stung during the graduation exercises when NAACP Executive Director Roy Wilkins, the speaker, gave a ringing endorsement of Glover and the student boycott and condemned "the forces that wish to make this campus a place of conformity, even if it means mediocrity."

"I count it an honor to give the commencement address at an institution whose student body is insisting on excellence in instruction, even to the point of striking and boycotting," Wilkins said, to the applause of the graduating students and the stony silence of the trustees. He already had made a few waves at an earlier press conference by implying that South Carolina helps perpetuate poor education by certifying teachers who come from non-accredited schools. He said state-supported segregated colleges like South Carolina State should be abolished and that private Negro colleges should measure up to accreditation standards or close their doors.

No concessions were made at Allen. Despite all the pressure from Wilkins, from the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools, and elsewhere, the board refused to change its stand. Ten teachers who supported the boycott found their summer courses canceled. The students, who were willing to lose a semester or more if they could straighten things out, realized that there was little hope for change, and in frustration they ended the boycott after eight days, on May 19. Annakin, who has taken another job, told them that it had not all been in vain. "I had no idea my resignation would spark a student uprising because, when I came here, all of you seemed so docile. Well, if it took my resignation to alert you to the need at times of taking a stand, then it has been worth it."

Glover has inherited 104 acres in Promise Land, a Negro community near Greenwood, and plans to establish a two-year college there for some two hundred underprivileged youths. He has applied for a grant from the Office of Economic Opportunity.

An aftermath of the boycott is the attempt by some Allen instructors, with the enthusiastic support of the National Student Association, to set up a summer remedial program for students who want to transfer from Allen to accredited schools. The University of South Carolina also is taking some students into its remedial program and expects to admit them in the fall.

Although the loss of so many students would be a blow to Allen's meager resources, the college will probably survive and eventually even get its accreditation. Many educators, including Annakin, believe that the small Negro college has an important role to play and must be maintained. But the students at schools like Allen and South Carolina State, where conditions are even worse than in most Negro colleges, have let it be known that they will accept nothing less than a chance to get a better education—which means not just integration but a thorough upgrading of the entire school system.

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By Fernando Krahn

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Paving Tanzania's Way With Good Intentions

ANTHONY DELIUS

DAR ES SALAAM

THE MORE sophisticated citizens of Tanzania think that the Garden of Eden may have been in their country: fossil discoveries by Dr. L. S. B. Leakey in the dusty Olduvai Gorge indicate that the first man may have emerged somewhere in the eight hundred miles of game-filled territory running from Mount Kilimanjaro to the Ruvuma River. Some of Tanzania's politicians also believe that this East African state can become the continent's political Eden, in which a new African emerges in a new society based "on love, sharing, and work," as President Julius Nyerere puts it.

Just about everybody in Tanzania accepts Nyerere's opinion that the way to this happy state is through something locally known as Ujamaa, or "familyhood," but more recognizable to westerners as socialism. Last February, the Catholic and socialist Nyerere announced from the foot of Mount Arusha, the Tanzanian Sinai, that the great trek to a more perfect socialism had begun in earnest. Shortly afterward, his government nationalized the banks as further evidence. Then in June, as the Middle East crisis flared, Nyerere felt compelled, in spite of some reason for gratitude to Israel, to announce his support for the Arab world against the "imperialists." Once again, as they have done at intervals in the past few years since independence came to this part of Africa, western observers wondered just what or whose brand of socialism would prevail in the country and, perhaps, in all East Africa.

It is easy to see in Nyerere's latest gesture in international affairs a further drift to the East. There is already the pattern of the one-party state; the brusque treatment of the United States, Britain, and West Germany; the exchange of visits with Communist China; the increasing friendship with Nasser; and the Arusha Declaration.

Students of the African scene are sharply divided about the mixture of common sense, socialist prescription, and lofty humanism contained in the twenty pages of the declaration. To some, not exclusively those inclined to socialist solutions, the declaration appears to offer the most fundamental policy so far designed to tackle the problems of any emerging African country. To others it represents the optimism of a scoutmaster in a socialist world where Boy Scouts do not prevail. Even the local Soviet representatives are said to be dubious of such a headlong rush into theoretical Marxism. The local Chinese, however, are described as pleased, and certainly the declaration says a number of things of which Mao Tse-tung himself would approve. Examples: "In a true Socialist State no person exploits another . . . ," and "The way in which to build and maintain socialism is to ensure that the major means of production are under control and ownership of the Peasants and Workers themselves through their Government and their Co-operatives."

Reliance on Self-Reliance

However divided the reaction to it, the Arusha Declaration has a message for the ten million Tanzanians and for the leaders and inhabitants of all newly independent Africa. It calls upon the state and citizens not to wait for foreign aid or investments but to rely upon their own efforts to bring about development. There is a warning against the belief that new industries would change the whole economy.

Tanzania came into existence in 1964 with a development plan whereby the expenditure of nearly $700 million, a large part drawn from external aid and investment, was to double the annual per capita income to $126. The declaration admits that such hopes were misguided: "Industries will come and money will come, but their foundation is THE PEOPLE and their HARD WORK, especially in Agriculture. This is the meaning of self-reliance."

Nyerere remarks of this part of his policy: "African countries are coming to rely upon much aid being forthcoming, and I don't think they are justified in such hopes. Many of the developed countries are becoming 'disillusioned' and 'disenchanted' about developing countries, so I suspect that aid may fall off even more. But even if every developed country gave two per cent of its revenue in aid, which is double the figure suggested, I would still say to my people here, 'Thank God for all this money, but basically development is up to us and what we do here.'" He hopes that this spirit will reach into every house and hut in Tanzania's thousands of agricultural villages lying between the bushy shores of Lake Tanganyika and the straggling palm groves along the Indian Ocean, in which live more than ninety per cent of the country's people.

Even more arresting than Nyerere's call for self-help is his proposal to combat bribery and corruption, the bane of most African states' development efforts. His proposal is simple and, one is asked to believe, practical. The economic and political spheres are to be completely separate; nobody who wants to make money can be a politician, and no politician may devote himself to making money. "Every TANU [Tanzanian African National Union] and Government leader must be either a Peasant or a Worker, and should in no way be associated with

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the practices of Capitalism and Feudalism. No TANU or Government leader should hold shares in any company . . . hold directorships in any privately owned enterprises . . . receive two or more salaries . . . own houses which he rents to others."

IN THE eternally soporific atmosphere under Dar es Salaam's palms, jacarandas, and mango trees, it is difficult to believe in revolutions, however mild, or even in slow changes of evolution. During the day there is a certain increased bustle and crowding; there seem to be many more cars, though the number of Africans in them seems hardly to have increased. The leisurely evening parade on the waterfront walk around the nearly circular harbor consists mainly of Indians and their wives and daughters in fluttering saris. Africans still cluster listlessly along the pavements, staring silently into space. Such business as they conduct consists mostly in selling roasted peanuts, touristy wood carvings of animals, cheap cigarettes, grilled yams, or corn on the cob.

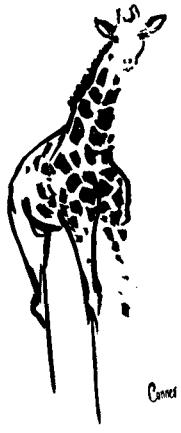
One gets scarcely more of an impression of enterprise among the new African civil servants moving about the corridors of the many old German colonial public buildings. In the fine new hotels—the opulent Kilimanjaro, the Agip, the Twiga—and in many of the seedier ones downtown, the ratio of waiters to guests must be one of the highest in the world. To an African who fell in beside me as I went to have an evening meal at Madame Margot's Restaurant, I said, "And what are you doing to get rich in independence?" He shrugged and replied, "Africans do not get rich."

Although Africans are fully in charge of the government, the whites, Asians, and Arabs, who together form 1.3 per cent of the population, control most of the trade, run much of the civil service, and own most of the capital. One reported reason why the banks were nationalized was the government's desire to have some say in the disposal of capital accumulated in them by rich Indian traders who had little desire to use it for the development of the country.

Corporately, Africans now own most of the land, and it is there that development and enterprise is most desperately needed and most desperately lacking. There are notable areas, such as the Wachagga coffee-growing lands on the slopes of Kilimanjaro, where the African farmers have moved into the tractor age. But over vast areas the major struggle is to get the farmer to abandon what is officially known as "the single-stroke hoe" method and to use a simple ox-drawn plow. "The President's problem," one diplomatic observer remarked, "is to get about a million farmers off their backsides and trying something a little new—with nothing very spectacular to tempt them in the way of bigger returns."

Moving the Farmers

Few people seem likely to get rich quick in Tanzania. The most spectacular mineral source of wealth is the Williamson Diamond Mines, now operated jointly by the Tanzanian government and a most unlikely partner, the Johannesburg multimillionaire Harry Oppenheimer. Tanzania is the world's greatest single supplier of sisal, but the price (as with so many other African primary products) has been



dropping, and the fiber itself may be replaced by synthetics in the next few years. Troubled Zanzibar, the island that joined mainland Tanganyika to form the Tanzanian Union, is the world's largest supplier of cloves, but the bottom has dropped out of the clove market as well. Tea, coffee, rice, and cotton are encouraging but bring no agricultural boom. The country could become one of Africa's great ranching and beef-producing areas, but this will take time and patient selection. The average African farmer can only expect small returns from small advances, and many do not feel sufficiently inspired by such low expectations to inch their way forward into the modern world.

But the farmers themselves have been plagued by the all-too-human failings of others. The many new agricultural co-operatives, hastily multiplied on solid foundations laid by the British, have in many cases been scandalously mismanaged. A thoroughgoing commission, investigating the inefficiency, corruption, and nepotism that have spread through the system, heard such typical farmers' complaints as: "We complain of the continuous economic plunder which we endure from corrupted employees and committeemen of the Co-operative Societies and Unions, whose behavior no person on earth can tolerate . . .," and "We regret that after having achieved UHURU in this country, we, the farmers, have been deprived of all the blessings of UHURU: our incomes have been dwindling, and what is worse we are being continually overtaxed."

Besides cleaning up the co-operative system in all its aspects from the capital to the most remote hamlets, urgent preparations are under way to get the farmers to modernize their methods and earn more. One of the government's most cogent reasons for doing this is that the farmers are the country's most important source of revenue. On leaving school, young people are being trained in batches of five hundred to go out into the villages as agricultural extension officers. They are to be the harbingers of modern agriculture, extolling the virtues of plows, manure, seed selection, and so on. Schools are to provide more agricultural education and have practical farming operations going on around their playgrounds. Everybody is planning how to help agriculture. U.S. Peace Corps administrators are thinking of cutting down the number of academic teachers and supplanting them with agricultural instructors. The Scandinavians already have a mission engaged in

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demonstrating new methods with soil and animals.

Yet one wonders whether more forceful political action rather than propaganda and precept will be required to bring change soon and wide enough. It is said that Nyerere greatly admires the Chinese Communists' methods of bringing about agricultural revolution, and there are members of his cabinet who would like to see a much more rigorous form of socialism in Tanzania.

PRESIDENT NYERERE officiates from State House, a pleasant imitation African-Arab building put up in 1922 by an imaginative British Public Works Department on the ruins of the German East African administration's Palast. I had not seen him since he had the title of Chief Minister and lived in a lesser government office, while a British governor still occupied State House. Now the British, with whom Nyerere has broken off diplomatic relations over the Rhodesian issue, live down in the town in diplomatic purdah under the Canadian flag.

Nyerere is a small, neat, quick-thinking, quick-speaking man, oddly like Charlie Chaplin, even to the small mustache. But by now, six years of dangerous office have made him far less relaxed, his eyes more guarded, his shoulders thinner and more inclined to twitch, his laughter more nervous. He wore a brown civilian-type uniform, something between Churchill's wartime siren suit and the severe garb worn by the Chinese Communist leaders. The hair edging the high forehead had become grizzled.

"Certainly I think the Chinese have a great deal to teach us about agriculture," he said. "Look, they've got seven hundred million people there and they're feeding them, actually feeding them. Perhaps the western countries are too sophisticated in every way for us to draw much inspiration from their techniques. They have gone through all our present troubles years ago. When my young men go over and see an advanced production technique of the West, they are not really impressed or stirred; it is too far beyond their needs. But when they see more relevant experiments like those in Israel and China, nations building themselves up from the ground, then these young people come back with glowing eyes and hearts."

"Possibly," I said, "if you follow Chinese techniques too closely you end by taking over Chinese politics. There is a close link between the two."

"I don't see that. I'm very interested in Canadian wheat-growing techniques—I've a Canadian delegation visiting me at the present moment—but I won't become a capitalist to use Canadian methods. Why should I become a Communist if I use Chinese agricultural methods?"

He could also have pointed out, of course, that only a handful of

Chinese are to be seen amid the crowds of westerners of every kind who at times give Dar es Salaam a cosmopolitan atmosphere. Whatever designs the Chinese and Russian Communists in Tanzania may cherish, they are not nearly as real and present as the capitalist gains and activities pursued by the well-organized Italians. And even though the nationalization of the banks did shock trade and confidence badly for a while, trade is almost back to normal again.

The Uncertainty of Necessity

There are more Communists, of both the Chinese and Russian varieties, over on Zanzibar and its neighboring island of Pemba. But the President has found a solid counter to their enthusiasms in the Afro-Arab leader of the islands, Abeid Karume, a former sailor and now one of Tanzania's Vice-Presidents. The President builds up Karume's prestige all the time. Nyerere also keeps a seemingly negligent eye on some doctrinaire Zanzibari émigrés to the mainland. Such left-wingers tend to orbit around the former Foreign Minister, Oscar Kambona, who fell under a cloud at the time of the 1964 troop mutinies. Today the President is his own Minister of Foreign Affairs, but Kambona is still in the cabinet and is thought to advocate tougher and more dogmatic measures.

Left-wing pressures in the cabinet are believed to have caused the President to rush into the nationalization measures against his will. The bills for nationalization may soon be presented—and met, if the promise of full and fair compensation is to be honored. But it is difficult to see how Tanzania is going to find the necessary money. Nationalization is internationally acceptable, but confiscation has a far uglier look to the aid-producing western world. For all the Arusha Declaration's bold words, Tanzania needs all the development aid it can get.

Sitting on his State House veranda overlooking a bay on which the dhows go out to the East, Nyerere must have been thinking of these pressures and needs and timetables. He said a little grimly, "I am a democrat. I shall never regiment my people—like, say, a Stalin."

One believes in his good intentions. It was he who spoke out across Africa against Kwame Nkrumah's rough methods, though he offered him sanctuary when the Ghanaian dictator fell. Inside his own one-party state, Nyerere is at pains to keep democratic processes alive. When the Zanzibari ideologues try to tamper with the due process of law, he moves to stop them. Nonetheless, Nyerere's disappointment with the West keeps growing, and he is still angry over what he regards as the concealed imperialism of Britain and the United States in Rhodesia and South Africa. In reacting against the western devils he knows, he might well move further than he now intends toward the East. And he may not always be able to outfox that waiting group of extreme leftists in his own country.

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Muskie of Maine

MARTIN NOLAN

EVERY Wednesday afternoon a group of Democrats gathers in the Old Senate Office Building to look over political literature, cash accounts, and campaign strategy for thirty-four separate contests. They examine their assets carefully because, as the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, they face a sea of troubles in the next sixteen months. The eleven Senate Republicans up for re-election are all hardy souls, having survived a Democratic sweep in 1962. The twenty-three Democratic incumbents make up so cacophonous an aviary of hawks, doves, and sitting ducks that the job of leading the flock to victory next year is delicate and difficult indeed. The Vietnam war and other areas of disagreement have separated most of these Senate Democrats from President Johnson beyond the point of comfortable return. If this were not enough of an omen for the Senate majority, several Democrats have managed to foul their own nests independently.

To carry and create the message of party unity, the Democratic caucus of the Senate early this year chose Edmund Sixtus Muskie of Maine as chairman of its campaign committee. Many Senators might see this as a harried, thankless task, but Muskie seems to regard it as an adventure in self-assertion. Muskie's chief fault and the greatest hindrance to his career, according to admirers and detractors, has been his avoidance of the limelight. Twice in the past three years he missed a chance to rise on the Senate ladder because of his deference to the wishes of others. Now, Muskie seems to have resolved an inner conflict between self-effacement and ambition in favor of the latter.

Muskie has always had qualities that have won him the admiration of all factions of his party, from President Johnson to the Kennedy brothers. His pursuit of his legislative concerns also has earned the esteem of other men in government and in the academic world. His two major interests are described in the titles of two of the Senate subcommittees he chairs. The first is the Subcommittee on Air and Water Pollution, which has investigated and reported on these environmental problems and has begun to consider how mushrooming technology affects a nation accustomed to indiscriminate use of abundant natural resources. The second is the Subcommittee on Intergovernmental Relations. To clarify the group's work, Muskie says, "I've always wanted to call it the Subcommittee on the Federal System, but the members haven't seemed interested." Neither of these pursuits is glamorous or simple. But each is gaining new constituents daily. They are the legislative arena of the future, and any man with influence on them also exerts a major influence in the Senate.

An Effluent Society

The town of Rumford rests at the confluence of the Swift and Androscoggin Rivers in western Maine. The town has three banks, two undertakers, ten doctors, eight fuel dealers, nine lawyers, and ten thousand people. Rumford is dominated economically and physically by the Oxford Paper Company. The mill's processes and those of two auxiliary pulpwood mills assault the senses with a stench reminiscent of mildewed vegetables. Its giant buff-colored cloud of chemicals does to the air around Rumford what the rest of the mill's effluence does to the Androscoggin. Rumford's atmosphere is conducive to developing an interest in pollution.

On March 28, 1914, Edmund Muskie was born in Rumford, where his father, Stephen Marciszewski, a tailor, had emigrated from Poland. The small mill town also lured immigrants of French-Canadian, Irish, and Anglo-Saxon stock. Muskie was graduated from Bates College and Cornell Law School before the Second World War, then served in the Navy. After the war, he settled into law practice in Waterville, a town larger than Rumford set amid the lakes of Maine's vacationland.

In 1946, he began the first of three terms in the state legislature. Twice he served as minority floor leader of the House. He also was chairman of the Maine citizens' committee for the Hoover report, the study led by the late President on the functioning of the Federal government. In 1951, Muskie became district director of the Office of Price Stabilization, a job from which he resigned the next year to become Maine's Democratic National Committeeman.

In a small Republican-dominated state like Maine, this post is not honorific and often leads to nomination for governor or Senator. Muskie waited until 1954 to run and then, at the age of forty, defeated the incumbent, Burton M. Cross, to become Maine's first Democratic governor in two decades. He also became a star attraction to various Democrats in the Midwest. As the nation's first Polish-American governor, he was invited to various Pulaski Day ceremonies and Kosciusko festivals and accorded wide praise in the land of the Rostenkowskis and Zablockis. He was a little bewildered by it all since Maine's politics were decidedly nonethnic. Rumford was perhaps more of a melting pot than many large cities, though assimilation had been accompanied by the flicker of burning Ku Klux Klan crosses in the surrounding Yankee hills.

In Augusta, Muskie found that his state was suffering from the exodus of New England's textile industry to the South, where labor was cheaper. After initiating an anti-water pollution program, Muskie estab-

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lished a Department of Economic Development to try to reverse the flight of industry. In his two terms as governor, this effort met with limited success. But when he ran for Senator in 1958, Maine's economic decline was overshadowed by the disclosure of the fact that his Republican opponent had accepted a $3,500 loan from Bernard Goldfine, the Boston industrialist whose generosity to Sherman Adams had damaged the Eisenhower administration.

WHEN Muskie arrived in Washington in 1959, he found the political climate unusually cool. As one of fifteen new Democrats, he was approached by the Majority Leader, Lyndon B. Johnson, and asked to vote against a change in Senate rules to limit filibusters. He declined to go along. When committee assignments were handed out, freshman Senators Robert C. Byrd of West Virginia, Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut, and Gale McGee of Wyoming were awarded seats on the Appropriations Committee; all had voted with the leadership against liberalizing the rules. Muskie was given his fourth, fifth, and sixth committee choices: Banking and Currency, Public Works, and Government Operations. Unlike most Senators, who use increasing seniority and influence as a path to more powerful or prestigious committees, Muskie has stayed with these same three committees.

In his first few months he helped manage a bill that established the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, a group of cabinet members, Congressmen, governors, and mayors. A Muskie amendment added $100,000 to the commission's budget. In 1963, he set up a new subcommittee to work in the same area. His work on water pollution in Maine helped prepare him to shepherd President Johnson's anti-pollution programs through the Senate. The Water Quality Act of 1965 and the Clean Air Act of 1965 marked Muskie as a master at explaining arcane details and made him a favorite of administration men with complex legislation to get through.

Administration strategists have found, however, that Muskie's independence makes him an unsilent partner in the legislative process. "I would never presume on him at all," one of them has said. A case in point is President Johnson's plan for "national emission standards" for drawing up rules against air pollution. Muskie's views on the environment and on federalism put him in opposition: "I think there's a big difference between how much sulfur dioxide goes in the air in midtown Manhattan and how much goes into the air in the Maine woods. We have to do more research before imposing across-the-board restrictions. In the meantime, regional and local standards and factors are more important than a chemical count."

Muskie has not forgotten where the votes come from in a basically Republican state. In 1965, he obtained the agreement of his eleven fellow New England Senators for the construction of a $300-million hydroelectric project at Dickey on

Maine's St. John River at the Canadian border. This project, the first Federal power venture in the Northeast, was opposed by an alliance of private power companies, coal interests, and labor unions. When the Dickey Dam idea reached the House, only four of the twenty-five New England Congressmen voted for it, and the House rejected it. But in the Senate Muskie had maneuvered it into the annual pork-barrel package, the Rivers and Harbors bill, which meant that in order to vote against Dickey Dam, Congressmen would have had to throw out the entire pork barrel. They did not, and to this day many of the dam's opponents curse Muskie's role in its birth. The dam helped to elect a Democratic governor and another Democratic Congressman in Maine last November; both of them replaced Republicans.

Eloquence and Salesmanship

Muskie's star legislative performance came last August during a tense summer for many U.S. cities. The Subcommittee on Executive Reorganization, headed by Abraham Ribicoff (D., Connecticut), was examining "the Federal role in urban affairs" and heard provocative and page 1 testimony from mayors, cabinet members, clergymen, novelists, and sociologists. The spotlight was on "the crisis of the cities"; like Mark Twain's weather, it had become a topic of earnest but impotent concern.

In that atmosphere, the Johnson administration was trying to win support for the first major undertaking of its new Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD), the Model Cities bill. The bill's radical features of encouraging experiments in city government had found little favor in the House. In the Senate, administration strategists looked to the Banking and Currency Committee, the depository of most housing and urban legislation, for a champion. Their search did not end until they came down to the sixth-ranking Democrat, Muskie of Maine. At first Muskie was critical of HUD's presentation as too vague and technical, and before taking up the cause he put several clarifying amendments and new sections into the bill. The new sections allowed smaller cities to participate in funds for metropolitan planning and encouraged the preservation of historic buildings in towns and cities.

For two days, Muskie spoke to the Senate on matters of quiet complexity while the Ribicoff hearings thrashed about in klieg-lit confusion. But the Senators were listening to Muskie. He spent most of his time detailing who would get what in the bill, but also spoke of philosophical considerations: "The pages of history are full of the tales of those who sought the promise of the city and found only despair. From the Book of Job, to Charles Dickens, to James Baldwin, we have read of the ills of the cities. Our cities contain within themselves the flowers of man's genius and the nettles of his failures." This won the

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approval of Albert Gore (D., Tennessee), who said that Muskie spoke "with a clarity, elocution, articulateness, and grammatical perfection that few Senators possess." Muskie replied: "I thank the Senator from Tennessee. I was really trying to sell the program and not the speaker."

Genuine praise and respect are difficult to measure in the Senate, where excess is the standard. But following the passage of the Model Cities bill by a vote of 53-22, Muskie was almost drowned in a flood of benediction. "The nation has benefited by the leadership given this measure by the junior Senator from Maine," said Majority Leader Mike Mansfield. "Its overwhelming passage today is attributable almost solely to his remarkable performance." "It is even more commendable because of the fact that the Senator from Maine does not come from an urban area," said Joseph S. Clark (D., Pennsylvania). "He has mastered these facts better than many of us to bring out the problems of the metropolitan areas." Several Republican Senators said privately that his speech had caused them to change their votes. And Robert F. Kennedy (D., New York) still calls it "the best speech I ever heard in the Senate."

THROUGHOUT the debate, Muskie had made no attempt to embarrass his opponents or to suggest that they were either heartless or thoughtless about the nation's cities. Deferential diplomacy is money in the bank for a Senator who seeks a position of leadership. When will Muskie call in his chips?

He has let two opportunities pass by. The first was in January, 1965, when Senate Democrats chose a successor to Hubert Humphrey, who had been Assistant Majority Leader. Muskie was the choice of many Northern and Western Senators, but John O. Pastore (D., Rhode Island) had already announced his interest in the post. Muskie deferred to Pastore because both were from New England and Pastore had more seniority. However, Pastore's acerbic style of *ad hominem* debating had engendered more fear than friendship among his colleagues and he lost to Russell B. Long of Louisiana,

who had supported neither the Medicare nor the civil-rights programs of the Kennedy and Johnson administrations.

The next opening in the Senate Democratic leadership occurred this January when George Smathers of Florida gave up the No. 3 leadership position, Secretary of the Democratic Conference. The secretaryship is hardly the seat of power, but it provides a base of operations for ascending the Senate hierarchy and among its attractions is the publicity that comes from regular visits to the White House. Muskie sat down one day last December with Philip A. Hart of Michigan to decide which of the two would have a better chance of winning this job. Their deliberations had hardly begun when both heard from Clark—the most unlikely candidate in the Senate—of his intention to run. Clark, who had written a book and carved a career by vilifying "the Senate establishment," had decided to knock on the establishment's door and seek admission. To those who protested that he hardly could expect his attitude to produce victory, Clark invoked the right of seniority, which he had often defined as the *bête noire* of the search for Senate efficiency and justice. Clark lost, 28-38, to West Virginia's Byrd, whose dour demeanor and lack of magnetism led to a Senate crack later that "The only Senator Bob Byrd could have beaten was Joe Clark."

Looking Ahead

It was after this faintly incredible episode that Muskie apparently resolved the inner conflict that had held him back. Asked why he chose the arduous chore of directing the campaign committee, he replied, "It's a way of being useful to my colleagues. Several Senators suggested it to me, and I thought it would be a good way of pulling my oar in the Senate. . . . It brings wide contacts in many states and will teach me a lot of things. These contacts and political influence throughout the country are always useful to a Senator."

Muskie is probably running on a collision course with Long, who would ordinarily be next in line to Mansfield. So retiring and ascetic is Mansfield compared with his predecessor, Lyndon Johnson, that Washington speculation has assumed that there soon will be a vacancy in the office of Majority Leader. A former professor at Montana University, Mansfield would probably enjoy a more sedentary role in the Senate of the sort that J. W. Fulbright (D., Arkansas) has been conducting lately as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. If Fulbright should retire or be defeated in 1968, Mansfield would be interested in that job.

Long, on whose election as Assistant Majority Leader Mansfield was neutral, has been acting unsenatorially of late, keeping his colleagues in session for six weeks on his bizarre tax check-off plan for financing Presidential campaigns. After he had insulted his leader several times during debate on the subject, Long finally accepted Mansfield's compromise proposal on the matter and said: "I am standing here with blood draining into my boots. . . . However, I will not fight my Majority Leader." Long used a similar metaphor a few days later when, in announcing that he would be defense counsel for Senator Dodd, he castigated the six-man committee that recommended Dodd's censure. Speaking of the committee staff, Long said: "They've got a staff of lawyers there to help them and some of those lawyers would drink his [Dodd's] blood if they could."

Such behavior points up the choice that Senate Democrats will have if Muskie and Long someday oppose each other for Majority Leader. The Louisiana Senator is depending on the notoriously short memories of Senators for a colleague's erring ways and their more enduring gratefulness for the favors he has distributed as chairman of the Finance Committee. Muskie is also dependent on Senators' memories of his deeds and methods. As one cabinet officer expressed it, "If you have a domestic bill that's really tough and you need advice on how to get it through, Ed Muskie's the best guy up there."

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 173

by HENRY ALLEN

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DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.

A
30 28 172 192 196 Kind of three Billy Goats.

B
114 2 212 222 92 32 164 176 20 62
120 46 Battle such as Chancellorsville but not Jutland (6,2,4).

C
14 190 124 126 200 "_____ is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams." Browne, "Urn Burial."

D
40 152 134 198 86 58 148 64 10 104 The Acrostician fancies himself the leader of these (4,6).

E
182 116 78 142 56 After edge of a fore-and-aft sail.

F
52 84 170 66 160 218 96 100 A murderer.

G
154 194 50 74 180 26 6 "Not charioted by_____ and his pards, / But on the viewless wings of Poesy..." Keats, "Ode to a Nightingale."

H
22 132 24 112 "But mice and rats and such small_____." Shakespeare, "King Lear."

I
110 138 178 8 42 36 102 Compel.

J
122 48 158 72 A bight.

K
162 150 16 220 34 206 "I would, while it was smiling in my face, / Have plucked my_____ from his boneless gums..." Shakespeare, "Macbeth."

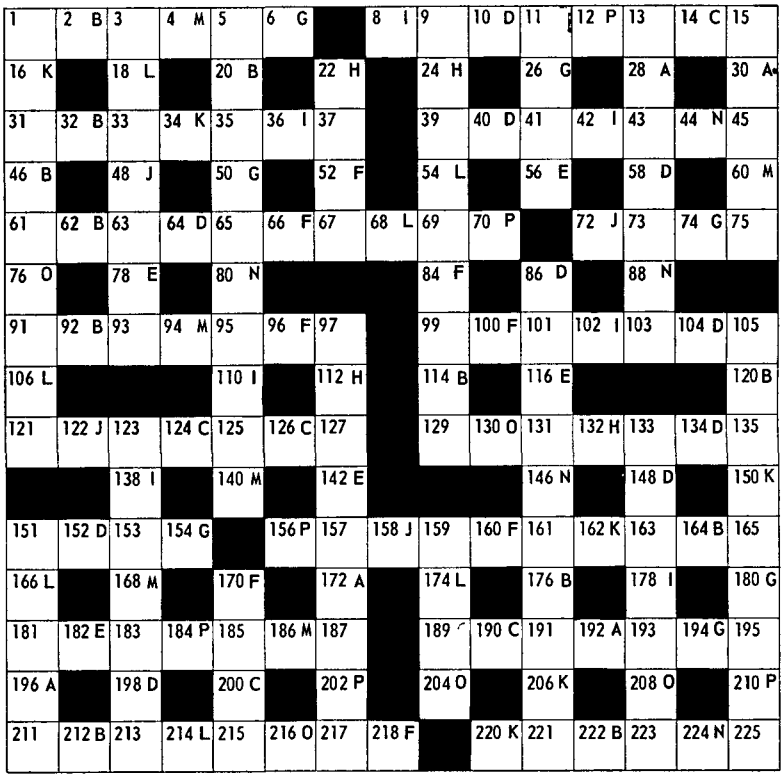
L
174 54 214 18 166 68 106 To accede to outrageous demands.

M
94 4 140 60 168 186 "Picture that orchard sprite, / Eve, with her body white, /_____ and smooth to her / Slim finger tips." Hodgson, "Eve."

N
80 146 88 224 44 "She deals it in small parcels, / That she may take away all at one_____." Webster, "The White Devil."

O
208 216 130 76 204 Harden.

P
184 202 12 210 70 156 Interruption of activity.



ACROSS

1. Washes for the second team?
8. Conquer but get across when reversed.
31. Pin lace where it belongs (2,5).
39. Can one say part of a Persian monarchy?
61. Part of a state nearest Independence? (4,6).
72. An early Briton who was one of the Chosen People?
91. Use whips or something in adoration.
99. How the heat was on a hot day at the circus.
121. With Mabel and me, you can hold me responsible (5,2).
129. The kind of figure to learn?—Um!
151. Brag about and seize.
156. Fools' wings for what a ship does in low visibility (5,2,3).
181. Made eyes at when lifted or something.
189. Did the doctor fault in the low riverbank? (3,4).
211. Wages but no one spends it.
220. Spin or find what isn't made by stone walls.

DOWN

1. There's a trap here—it's bugged! (6,3).
3. Sleeper or about the teaser.
5. Family outcast ready for shearing? (5,5).
9. Roman emperor is oriental at last.
11. Biblical character of pity.
13. Speech to apostrophize a serving.
15. Bailiwick of the Acrostician.
22. College official may be Dizzy.
86. Wet reminds us of a kind of watch (4-6).
97. Eluded price? Not, that is, shut out.
105. Neigh in Lent? Teach me how.
123. What one needs in court besides bail an' one friend (2,5).
133. Games of chance in a Singapore hotel?
151. Hooks and spars for the mariner.
159. The belly in Scotland and new American speech.
170. Eye infection or place for pigs?

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Foreign Exchange

DONALD HOGAN

CHESTER WOODBRIDGE had expected to be kept waiting at the ministry. It was one of the few things an African government could do to prove its power. The plain hardwood chairs, the smirking outer office staff, were part of the ritual. Chester had known what it would be like, but the staff staring at him, turning their heads awkwardly to peer at him from around their white collars, their suit jackets hunched away from their shoulders like turtle shells, made him feel uncomfortable in his perfectly fitted suit. It was as though their clothing, instead of the jungle, now provided the cover from which they could stare at him unseen and as though he had come to a Rotary Club luncheon in striped trousers. And both things annoyed him. Chester did not like anyone to make him feel uncomfortable. He pretended to read quietly, holding the book high so they could see the title. It was *An Historical Survey of the Mau Mau,* a British White Paper purchased especially for the occasion.

Several times, as different clerks went in and out of the office, Chester could see the Minister drinking coffee, talking casually to his staff. There was no other visitor. Chester shifted in the chair. He had bought the book to even the score in case he was kept waiting. But how much better it was to be kept waiting because of it. Obviously someone had told the Minister; he had already been waiting an hour when half an hour was customary. He was pleased with himself. There is nothing more disarming than to let the other fellow win the first hand.

AT "21" in New York Dineen had unfolded his napkin like a plan. "This little thing of yours is rather interesting."

Chester smiled. He already knew that.

"Cash," Dineen said. "Cash is what we need right now and this little thing will make it flow. We figure it will earn close to six hundred per cent a year. How are you going to close it?"

Chester frowned. Dineen was such a direct man. "It won't be easy. The ministry out there is dead set against conversion industries."

"I was wondering why no one had beaten us to it."

"I'm sure there is a way," Chester said.

"Well, you damn well better find it. It's already gone to the board. It had to for capital authorization."

"Did they like it?"

"You can say that again. But they won't like it if it doesn't come off. And I won't either. I don't like them asking questions about failures."

"It will come off," Chester said enigmatically. "It will take some doing, but it will come off."

"Don't trade with me," Dineen said. "The way I see it, if they grant us new-industry status even the African subsidiary will make a profit. That's the key to it."

"Yes?"

"And to get that the Minister has to agree. He's got to open the door." Dineen paused and smiled, pleased with the way he was putting it. "You tip a doorman, don't you?"

"Ten per cent?"

"Who cares? But do it with stock in the subsidiary. No cash. Give him what it takes. If he's the subtle type give it to his brother-in-law. But keep him on our side."

"He's not married," Chester said. "But it is an idea."

"You're damn right it is. We don't care how much he or anyone else makes out of the subsidiary so long as we've got control. Our profit comes from dumping our seconds on it as raw material."

"That is what the proposal is all about," Chester said precisely. "It seemed such a waste letting them go for scrap."

"I know it's your idea. So does the board. But now let's see what happens. What about the Minister? Do you think he'll go for it?"

"I've never met him," Chester said. "But I've been over there several times seeing our other distributors, talking to people. I think I can reach him."

"He can be reached," Dineen said. "These niggers are all the same."

Chester winced thinking about it. He wished Dineen did not always have to be vulgar. These things required a much more subtle hand than bribery.

AT 4:45 the door opened and the Minister, both hands extended, his face wrinkled in an exhausted smile, came rapidly toward Chester.

"Mr. Woodbridge, Mr. Woodbridge, I am so dreadfully ashamed!" His accent was very English. "The P.M. has been onto me all day. There was simply nothing I could do."

Chester carefully put his book away. "Ah, Mr. Minister. I'm sure I was late and must have ruined your schedule. Perhaps another day."

"No, no. I won't hear of it."

They linked arms and squeezed awkwardly through the door.

Chester's petition was on the Minister's desk.

"Are you comfortable at the Suffolk?"

"Very much so. I see the same people are running it."

"Heavens, yes. We do hope to

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encourage new investments and can't do that by discouraging the old. Merely because they wouldn't serve us before independence is no reason to put them out. There are so many other things to be done."

"There seemed to be new plantings of bougainvillea along the airport road."

The Minister looked pleased.

"All of it on the right as you come in, so it doesn't block the view into the game reserve. A giraffe raced my taxi into town. It's quite a thrill, you know, stepping off the plane straight from London."

The Minister clapped his hands. "We had quite a discussion about that. The city planners wanted bougainvillea on both sides but the tourists come to see the animals."

"I had planned to rent a car before I leave to visit it myself."

"Do let me lay one on for you. With a little co-operation from the game people you'll be sure to see everything."

"How very kind of you."

The Minister waved his hand over the report as though asking for his blotter to be changed. "Please," he said.

"Oh, yes. The business thing. It's rather straightforward, don't you think?"

"I haven't really had a chance to study it. Tell me."

Chester fumbled with the clasps of his briefcase. "I have your letter giving an analysis of tariff losses."

"Oh, that. Quite. You see, if we agree to your plan we shall lose all the customs revenue we now get from British imports."

"But surely the taxes on our company will far exceed the loss. The main thing is the employment we will give."

"I see you plan for the latest equipment."

"Extremely modern." Chester stroked his eyebrow thoughtfully.

"Twelve skilled and six unskilled workers, if I remember."

"Future growth is unlimited."

"Our population is seven million. Most of it is unemployed."

"That is exactly what I mean. How ridiculous to start with an obsolete plant."

The Minister looked determined. "Frankly, Mr. Woodbridge, I don't like it. I don't like conversion industries at all. What we require is basic industry. All this thing of yours does is to take something away from the British import houses and give it to you."

CHESTER straightened the crease in his trousers; his tailor never seemed able to make them break exactly right but he was pleased with the almost imperceptible blue check buried in the gray.

The Minister pressed on.

"Besides, looking at the prices you say you must charge, we'll be getting an inferior product for the same price we now pay for imports. I just don't see why we should encourage that."

"But I do," Chester said.

The Minister stopped.

"The saving in foreign exchange. You'll only need dollars for raw material, which will save the government more than a million pounds a year in hard currency."

The Minister started to wave his hand.

"I've a letter from the Minister of Finance," said Chester deferentially. "He said he was quite pleased with the idea and had even mentioned it to the Prime Minister."

"The P.M. and I are from different tribes," the Minister said. "Mine is the London School of Economics." He got up and walked slowly to the window. "As you might know, we are less concerned with exigencies."

Chester smiled.

"But our communications are not all that bad. We both speak English. I have copies of the correspondence. It does seem I have been asked to grant your company new-industry status provided I have no serious objections."

"And how serious are your objections?"

The Minister folded his hands behind his back. "That remains to be seen. But certainly I should like to see something more than employment for eighteen persons and inferior products."

Chester made a slight bow.

"The price. After all, must you charge the going price? The raw material will be your own stock."

"Merely because we produce the raw material is no reason to sell it more cheaply to our own subsidiaries. If we did that, converters elsewhere would accuse us of unfair competition."

"Yes. I suppose so. But don't you see, that is exactly why this is the sort of business local capital should handle. The problem is, we just can't generate it fast enough." He scratched his nose. "It's only fair to tell you I have successfully opposed every application for a conversion industry which so far has crossed my desk."

Chester smiled. "Yes, so I've been told, and finding you so articulate I'm not surprised."

HE PAUSED to let the compliment stand alone. "But about local capital. You see, we might be able to do something there."

"Yes?" The Minister was listening carefully.

"We were thinking of selling some shares locally, without voting rights perhaps, but wholly participating in the profits."

The Minister took a step forward. "I don't recall that in the proposal."

"No," Chester answered slowly, catching the Minister's eyes. "We weren't sure whether we would actually sell them or use them for special purposes."

The Minister looked thoughtful. "For example. We haven't a local solicitor. Perhaps, when we do, he would prefer shares to cash."

"Yes, quite. At least that would be something for our side." He rubbed his hand against his cheek, feeling an idea, looking, at the same time, for an answer from Chester.

Chester looked back, but just for an instant. He was sure the Minister understood. The door was open. Now he would wait for him to put out his hand. "You know, in all my visits to Africa this will be the first time I've ever been to a game reserve. It must be quite thrilling. I can't thank you enough."

"Really?"

"Yes. I drove once to Dar es Salaam to check on our forwarders but the road was so bad I didn't see a thing."

The Minister smiled and started to answer but the office door opened hestitatingly, then suddenly all the way. The Minister's secretary, a man, stood apologetically at the entrance. "I'm very sorry," the secretary said.

The Minister looked quickly at

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his watch. "Oh my. Five-thirty. How the afternoon has flown."

"Mr. Stratton has some papers you promised to sign."

"Good heavens, yes." He turned to Chester, who had risen, and held out his hand. "Don't go. Not quite yet. I want you to meet Mr. Stratton. He is economic attaché at your embassy."

He paused thoughtfully, still holding Chester's hand. "As a matter of fact, Mr. Stratton is having a small dinner party this evening. Let's try to wangle you an invitation. Do say yes."

CHESTER was late but Mr. and Mrs. Stratton were at the door when he arrived.

"How nice of you to come," Mrs. Stratton said. She was a sinewy woman with a wrinkled neck and a sharp, thin nose. "The Minister hasn't arrived but I'm sure he will." She glanced apprehensively at her husband.

Chester suspected she had an overactive thyroid.

"Glad you could make it, Woodbridge. Bar's on the left. Help yourself. We'll wait at the door another few minutes. Courtesy, you know." Mr. Stratton wrinkled his nose to show his wife Chester would understand. "You'll have to introduce yourself."

Chester thought the house bore him out. Mrs. Stratton was a hyperactive collector of tasteless bric-a-brac. He could pick out seven minor posts in which the couple had served. About twenty persons were spread throughout the room clinging to their drinks, looking uncomfortable but talking.

"I heard you were coming," said a conspiratorial female voice.

Chester stiffened his shoulders. This was no time to meet an old flame; the Minister would never understand. He turned to see a bulky woman in horn-rimmed glasses and a Grecian tunic made of violent African cloth.

"Do I know you?" The woman was wearing sandals, which made the question academic.

"Of course not. We don't move in the same circles, but any American in town is a news event." She put out her hand. "I'm Helen Anderson. That's my husband Harry over there. He's cultural attaché at the embassy."

When they shook hands Chester saw the shaft of a guitar strung over her shoulder. "Do you play?"

"Sure do. Got to do something to liven these parties up." She leaned over the bar pouring herself a healthy whisky. "You've no idea what a grind it can be. Go circulate. Find out for yourself."

Chester circled the room. Once he was wholly in it, the conversation seemed both louder and livelier. He smiled and nodded at a few people but didn't stop until he had found a partially clear spot where he could watch to see who looked interesting, yet duck if Mrs. Anderson came after him. Across the room, the wife of one of the Africans, a plump young woman in a white blouse and green skirt that came apart in the middle to ex-

pose a pink slip, crooked her little finger to bite a potato chip in half. Her teeth were pointed.

Chester thought the teeth might be amusing.

The girl saw him and tittered. She tugged at her blouse as though it were a blanket she could throw over her face.

Mrs. Anderson switched her guitar like a cow's tail and sat down cross-legged on a window sill.

"WHEN my wife was a girl, pointed teeth were more in fashion," said a cultured English accent.

Chester turned to the voice. It had come from a small dark man neatly dressed in a gray pin-striped suit.

The man shrugged helplessly.

Chester had supposed that a wealthy chief would buy new wives as his own wife would buy new dresses. "But how many sons has she given you?" Her shape would be good for that.

"Four," the man said proudly.

Mrs. Anderson began a folk song and her husband herded several couples around her teaching them to clap hands. An angular girl kicked over a glass. She scuffed off a shoe and set it right with her toes.

The short man looked around the room. "Over there," he pointed, "against the window. That's Isaac Thuku. He's on loan from Kenya. If I'm not mistaken, he was an oath-giver. You seem interested in local curiosities—perhaps you'd like to meet him?"

"Very much," Chester said, following his finger to a fat, dour man who was standing alone licking the condensation from the bottom of his glass.

They steered their drinks over to the window. "Isaac, I've got someone who'd like to know about the oaths."

Chester shifted his cigarette and drink into the same hand and extended the other. "I'm Chester Woodbridge."

"Delighted to meet you," Mr. Thuku said with a firm clasp. "What would you like to know? The recipe?"

Chester laughed. "I think Robert Ruark has already given us that, though personally I thought Monsarrat's more traditional."

"Quite," Mr. Thuku grinned. "I think his came from *Macbeth*." He licked the bottom of his glass, holding it up against one eye. The eye, magnified grotesquely, looked as if it were floating in the whisky.

"Oh my," Chester said. "Actually, I was wondering why such a terrible oath was necessary. I know it was successful, but why was the same oath given both to volunteers and, ah, conscripts?"

Mr. Thuku looked patronizing. "Come, come, Mr. Woodbridge. It's axiomatic that if they wish to succeed, national liberation movements must assume the national character."

"That's Mao Tse-tung, not Mau Mau," Chester said flatly. "Besides, the whole point was that the Mau Mau oath was anathema to the Kikuyu."

"Then you've answered your own question. What stronger bond is there to tie people together than the sharing of some dark and evil thing? But tell me, Mr. Woodbridge, what is your interest in the brotherhood?"

"Just that," Chester smiled. "At another time or place we might be

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talking of the brotherhood of man."

"Brewed from apples?"

"Exactly."

"My dear Mr. Woodbridge," the Minister said, putting his arm over Chester's shoulder. "I'm late again, but I see you've already met Mr. Thuku." He pulled Chester slightly to one side. "Once upon a time he was one of their better organizers. Now he's our dreariest Communist."

Mr. Thuku, who had not greeted the Minister, scowled.

"Has he held his glass up to his eye for you?"

Chester was surprised. "It is a nice touch."

The Minister laughed. "Come. Who else have you met?"

Chester thought the Minister was coming on hard. He nodded toward the small dark man who had introduced him to Mr. Thuku.

"Oh yes, Gideon Kigondo, one of the more promising chaps in Foreign Affairs."

"He seems distressed by his wife's teeth."

"Oh, God. Well, who wouldn't be? And tell me," the Minister said, thrusting his glass at Chester. "Just tell me, how could we send him as ambassador to Washington with that for a wife? It's one of our greatest problems."

"So?"

"Heavens, yes. Look around you. It's slowly getting better, but do you realize there aren't even enough presentable girls to staff our airline with stewardesses?"

"Did I see you come alone?"

"Indeed you did. I simply never married. I mean it just wasn't possible, not after living in the U.K. most of my childhood." He looked questioningly at Chester. "You see, my father was killed accidentally by an Englishman on safari. Of course he didn't have to do anything. The D.C. would have given my mother ten guineas. But he felt so badly about it he paid for my education."

"Did you know him well?"

"Like a wish, he was the father of my thoughts, nothing more." The Minister smiled fleetingly. "There was always enough money for school and by the strictest budgeting enough to eat. But no, in twelve years I never met him."

The genuine intimacy disturbed Chester. He knew it would have to come before they closed the business arrangements, but he rather liked the Minister and didn't want it to come too soon. "Tell me. If Mr. Thuku is a Communist, why does he come to an American embassy party?"

"Oh, yes. What were we talking about? Of course, women. Well, that's why. The P.M. has given the strictest orders that whenever wives are included in an invitation, the recipient must attend or explain why in writing to his superior. It's the only way the women will ever learn." He lowered his voice confidentially. "I think the Americans know about it and invite Isaac just to annoy him. That thing over there is his wife."

Chester looked. It was the angular woman who had knocked over the glass. Now she was sitting on the floor rocking from side to side in time with the guitar. "Mrs. Anderson would not exactly win any blue ribbons in America."

The Minister laughed. "Come. There's Tom Mpoti, a young fellow in my ministry. You ought to meet him anyway as he actually issues the licenses to new industry. I must say he wasn't impressed by your application."

After the introductions the young man stood straight, his arms folded across his chest, one knee bent, the toe barely touching the ground, waiting for the Minister to speak. Chester had seen naked men standing that way in the bush watching cattle. It was uncanny the way Tom Mpoti's nakedness showed through his clothing.

"Tom's father was a good friend," the Minister said. "We are both of the same tribe. Not many of us in the government, but when a position opened I was able to bring Tom in. He had the good sense to leave his wife at home."

The young man looked straight ahead. "You must understand, Mr. Woodbridge, it would be impossible for my wife in the city. I thought of bringing her when I first entered our university. But the customs are different." It was a set speech.

Chester nodded. He had read somewhere that Zulu warriors had been wholly continent until, for exceptional services, the chief gave them permission to marry. But then, the Zulu were an exceptional tribe.

"Mr. Minister, you musn't talk business all night," Mrs. Stratton said, gliding arbitrarily into their conversation. She was drinking orange juice.

"We were talking about the ladies," the Minister said.

Mrs. Stratton took a gulp of orange juice. "I thought my ears were burning."

"Are you too warm, dear?" Mr. Stratton said, appearing suddenly.

"My heavens no, you old silly." She fiddled with her beads. "The Minister has been saying such nice things about us."

"We were talking about a tribal custom," the Minister said. "Our girls do not surrender easily."

Mrs. Stratton looked pleased. "These days I find that quite refreshing."

The Minister smiled indulgently. "When a young man proposes, the girl puts on a ring or armband to indicate her agreement. Once the young man sees it, he has a certain time to catch her and catch her he must, running all over the place, or he becomes the laughingstock of the entire village. It's really a dreadful custom."

"Why, not at all," Mrs. Stratton said. "It sounds charmingly pastoral." She started to back away.

The Minister stayed her with his hand. "You see, our girls are raised right along with the boys and are equally athletic. Some of them are really quite strong. Once the young man catches her, he drags her through the village to his hut." He ducked as though passing through a low door, blinking in the dark. "If a young man is wise he has hidden a friend inside because if the girl escapes now he will be ruined." Tom Mpoti closed his eyes and rocked back on his heels. "She bites and screams. Of course the whole village now is outside the hut, the mother clucking that each scream is proof of her daughter's virtue. The young man's friend leaps from a dark corner to hold her legs."

The wrinkles on Mrs. Stratton's neck had turned pink.

Chester thought she might peck

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out the Minister's eyes. "Have you any children, Mrs. Stratton?" He asked quickly, trying to make it a non sequitur.

Mrs. Stratton pressed her arms to her sides.

The Minister looked at Chester. "So you must see, Mr. Woodbridge, why it would have been impossible. A graduate of the London School of Economics!"

Tom Mpoti folded his arms again. He was watching Mrs. Stratton carefully.

Mr. Stratton put a protective arm over her shoulder. "Mrs. Stratton and I have not been blessed with children."

Tom Mpoti smiled triumphantly. "Skinny women are poor fighters. Never have children," he said into the air.

"Yes indeed," Chester said to the Minister, trying to drown Mpoti out. "I do understand. Different tribe."

"Oh, quite," the Minister laughed gaily. "That's it exactly."

"If Jerome didn't have such important work to do for the embassy, I think we would both join the Peace Corps." Mrs. Stratton was settling her own score. "You can see how much there is to be done." She turned abruptly to Chester. "Tell me, Mr. Woodbridge. What brings you to Africa? I know you've seen Jerome at the office but he never tells me anything."

"Actually we didn't meet that way," Chester answered, letting her drift away.

AN HOUR LATER he was wondering how he might slip out unnoticed when the Minister suddenly reappeared at his side and asked if he might give him a lift home.

The Minister stopped his car in front of a modern apartment building. "I thought we might have a quiet nightcap. It's been a hard day's work."

Chester hesitated. He would prefer to put it off. Finally, when the Minister did not help, he looked at his watch. "Well, all right, a quick one, if you're not too tired."

"Me? No, no. But if you are?" said the Minister solicitously.

"Not at all. I'd be delighted."

The penthouse apartment was casually furnished with comfortable overstuffed armchairs full of loose pillows and bamboo coffee tables with glass tops. Mounted on a tripod by a row of windows was a powerful telescope.

"In the morning I can see well into the game reserve," the Minister said. "Sometimes I'm even late to the Ministry. Just a few days ago I watched a lioness skulking in the bush near a herd of impala."

"Did she get one?"

"No. She was alone, the others weren't hungry, and the impala stayed out of reach. It takes two, you know."

"Even for that?" Chester laughed. He wondered if he was overdoing it.

On the windowsill, under the telescope, was a collection of cheap, badly done figurines—a black leopard, an elephant with air bubbles in the clay, a deer that was probably Bambi.

Chester picked up one of them to see where it was made. He wasn't sure why he bothered.

"As you can see, I love animals," the Minister said. "I surround myself with them. Here, let me fix you a drink." He poured two gin and bitter lemons, put one small piece of ice in each glass, and handed Chester his.

Chester took the glass with as warm a look as he could manage. The Minister was exhausted but the game clearly was in earnest.

"Well," said the Minister, "here's to it. I'm sure your business enterprise will have all the success it deserves."

"Cheers," Chester smiled back. When he held up his glass the piece of ice gave a single clink against the side and melted. He wondered if Isaac Thuku had put a curse on him. He started to get up, waving his glass toward the bar. "The ice."

"Of course, let me. I always forget."

Chester relaxed.

THE MINISTER placed a record on his player and sat down opposite Chester. "I love that song. It reminds me of London when I was in school there. We did have lovely times. No money, of course, but I didn't care. That's the way students are." He was looking hard at Chester.

Chester moved his foot in time with the music. "I remember that song. It's from a show, isn't it? That's the great thing about London. The theatre. You can always get in." He smiled to himself. With men who wanted to be bought, it was an amusing phenomenon that the subtler the beginning, the lower the price. A practiced thief usually began with something closer to "Hands up!"

The Minister nodded eagerly. "Of course some of the shows are terribly naughty. I remember being quite shocked."

"Well, that's the point, isn't it?"

The Minister stood. "I'm sure of it. You know, it is really quite difficult for me here. This is home, after all. But after so many years in London. The ice. I can't really think of you as an American, you see."

Chester took a long time lighting a cigarette, holding the match delicately by the end.

"I don't mind telling you that just your being here has been very important to me," the Minister went on warmly. "You might even change my mind about that business thing. It's so encouraging when we meet someone who understands our problems."

Chester bowed his head. "I can't guarantee to understand everything, but I can try."

The Minister was standing by the window, erect, his head up as though posing for an official portrait.

"No," he said softly. "I'm sure you already understand."

Chester lowered his voice. "Yes, perhaps I do."

The Minister smiled with relief and sat down on the couch. "I knew you would say that. You see, Chester, I knew right away you were not only

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a handsome man but a sympathetic one." His arm came eagerly down the couch across Chester's shoulders.

CHESTER turned quickly. There was no mistaking what the Minister meant. He jumped to his feet.

The Minister was stunned.

Chester stared at him disgustedly. "What the hell do you think I am?"

"You—you bastard!" The Minister spat the words as he rose slowly from the couch, clutching at the arm. They glared viciously at each other across the glass top table, the Minister trembling with indignation. "Oh my God! You only wanted to bribe me!"

"And you?"

"Me?" The Minister hunted furiously for an offensive. "Me? I'll have you arrested!"

"Arrested?" Chester clenched his fists.

"Come here with your thieving schemes. Think you can bribe everybody. Get out! Get out of Africa! Leave us alone!"

Chester waved his arms desperately. "For Christ's sake. Let's be more sophisticated."

"Sophisticated! Have you no dignity, man!"

Chester sat abruptly on the arm of the chair.

"I'll call them," the Minister shouted furiously, striding toward the telephone.

"All right!" Chester shouted after him. "I did try to bribe you. It's not the first time that's happened in Africa. Now be sensible."

The Minister stopped. He whirled to face Chester, his eyes blazing white. "You admit it!"

Chester sank into the chair.

The Minister came toward him, waving his finger. "I heard you. You tried to bribe me." He was still trembling, his eyes opened so wide it seemed they had no lids.

"Yes," Chester said. "I did. But I'm glad you didn't want our money."

The Minister collapsed on the couch, burying his face in his hands.

Chester went to the window and stood looking out into the night, drumming his fingers on the glass so the Minister would know he was not watching.

After a long time, when he heard the Minister breathing evenly again, he let his hands fall noisily to his sides. "I need another drink."

The Minister hesitated, then got up slowly and, shaking his head, went to the bar. When he gave Chester his drink, they were careful not to look at each other or to let their fingers touch.

Still looking out the window, the words sounding dull against the glass, Chester started to speak slowly, spacing the words evenly. "The stock. I really do have permission to do that. Perhaps we could make the shares low-priced, maybe only a shilling each, and put on a wide campaign to sell them."

There was no sound behind him.

"If we could reach enough people, surely there must be enough who can afford a shilling. It would teach them something about private ownership. It would do some good. Just the sales campaign would do that."

"No, no," the Minister sighed.

Chester caught his breath.

"Our people haven't the time to learn so slowly. What would the dividends be, a penny a year? It wouldn't be worth it."

Chester turned, spreading his hands helplessly. "No, I wasn't

thinking. It would cost more than that to distribute them."

They looked blankly at each other.

"Your company really will sell the stock to the subsidiary in Africa?" the Minister asked indifferently. "This isn't just your idea?"

"Don't you see? They can't back out now. Of course they had something else in mind when they told me to make the offer. But I can't help it if you are an honest man."

"Indeed you can't," the Minister said sharply. He rubbed his nose. "But maybe you are right; and there is one way." He slapped his legs with both hands in a confused motion of desperation and eagerness. "The problem is that I just don't like it. We should wait for all these conversion industries until we can afford them ourselves. It's selling out our middle class even before it exists. But still. . . ."

"Yes?"

"The different tribes have money, even the villages. Welfare funds, things like that." The Minister was exhausted. "Not big money, but enough. Most of it sits in the bank at two and one half per cent."

"You've seen our projected earnings. With new-industry status we could pay seven." He tripped over it. "But only with new-industry status."

"I've been trying to find something sure enough to shake that money loose, to put it to work."

Chester moved to the edge of his chair. "Well, let's do it."

The Minister's voice warmed. "Once they see the potential, I can tap that money for all sorts of things."

"Well?"

The Minister got up. "Yes, let's do it. But we're doing it for my reasons, not yours. Remember that. How much will you let us have?" He was absorbed in his plan.

"I'll go as far as I can. I know they were thinking of ten per cent. But I'll stretch it to fifteen." He hesitated saying the number so the Minister would know there was still room to trade.

"I want more. Fifty per cent."

Chester waved his arms helplessly. "The whole thing will be ruined. Don't you see? I couldn't even ask."

"Twenty-five," the Minister said flatly.

"Done. God knows how I'll do it for you, but I will."

THE MINISTER SMILED. "If I remember correctly, Mr. Woodbridge, I promised you a lift home. Let me keep my promise so you'll be sure to keep yours."

"No, no. It's only a few blocks. I'll enjoy the walk."

"Really?"

"Yes, I will."

They linked arms as they walked toward the elevator.

"I really shouldn't let you."

"Don't worry," Chester said, "I know the way."

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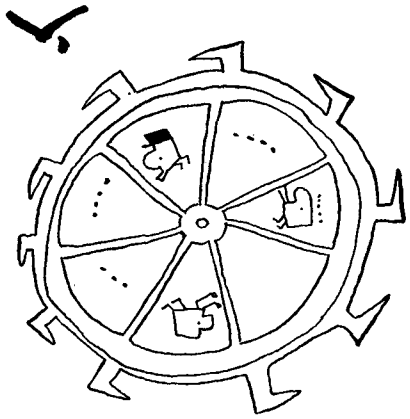

Bond and I

SAREL EIMERL

SOME YEARS AGO I had an unfortunate experience with the works of Ian Fleming. Like practically everyone else I know, I had been greatly impressed by Fleming's intimate acquaintance with the subtleties of gracious living: with his knowledge of perfumes and jewelry and wines and gold-tipped cigarettes and how people behave in the locker rooms of exclusive golf clubs, and all the rest of it. Finally, while flying to London, I read an account of a meal that sounded as if it had been prepared in Valhalla and brought down for a gathering of oil sheiks. "Once and for all," I said to myself, "I propose to find out what these fellows have that I don't." So I took a taxi from the airport to the Ritz, presented the relevant passage to the waiter, and requested that the chef serve up the meal as described. He did so. It cost me five pounds eight and sixpence, and I've eaten better at Schrafft's.

This incident left me disenchanted not only with Fleming but also, and quite illogically, with all novels about spies and secret agents. By adopting this attitude, as I soon discovered, I condemned myself to unnecessary membership in yet another minority group. For every year spy novels become more popular and yet more popular. According to those of my friends who read them, the reason is that for a few hours they offer a lighthearted escape from reality. A straight novel, so the argument goes, as opposed to a spy novel, should ring true. The characters and situations should constitute a plausible representation of reality. But in thrillers a different set of rules prevails. The reader accepts that the author has created fantasy characters and placed them in fantasy situations. Therefore, he does not take either them or what they do seriously, and can enjoy their antics as sheer fun, unsullied by any association with the ugliness of the real world.

Now most of the people I know, including a few reviewers, who hold this attitude are scathing about most recent fiction. Indeed, it is a truism to observe that popular regard for fiction has declined radically in recent years and has been replaced by interest in the real world and real people. This has presented a problem to those who both want to write fiction and be well paid for it, and several have responded, very sensibly, by writing what might be best described as fact-fiction. The basic formula is to take real situations and, if possible, real-life characters also, who can easily be identified and who are engaged in pursuits that are known to provoke widespread curiosity, and to present the result in ostensibly fictional form—as in *Advise and Consent* (politics), *The Carpetbaggers* (the jet set), and *Valley of the Dolls* (show business).

These examples are dated, and I apologize. The truth is that I found these specimens of popular fact-fiction so painful to read that I have since indulged in the luxury of avoiding all contact with the form. It therefore makes complete sense to me that people of good taste who cannot tolerate such gruesome exercises in gossip should seek their amusement in the fantasy world of the thriller. And there was a time when they could have found it there. The adventures of my childhood hero, Bulldog Drummond, were palpably ridiculous and all the better for it. But, to find out what I have been missing, I have recently been reading a dozen or so of the most highly acclaimed spy novels written during the past few years, and judging from them, the authors are squatting right spang in the middle of the fact-fiction bandwagon. With the single and glorious exception of John Le Carré, they are appealing to precisely the same appetites as the Harold Robbinses and the Jacqueline Susanns—the appetite for peephole revelations about a world that seems from a distance to be mysterious, glamorous, and thrilling.

It is true, of course, that the heroes of spy novels are figures of fantasy. They are not only not drawn from real people, they are openly preposterous. "A man who, like Smiley," John Le Carré observed in *A Murder of Quality*, "has lived and worked for years among his country's enemies learns only one prayer; that he may never, never be noticed. . . . His fear makes him servile. . . ." Fear and servility are hardly the terms one would select to describe James Bond or the equally self-assured heroes of *The Quiller Memorandum* or *The Kremlin Letter*. And most of the plots of spy novels are as unbelievable as the heroes. But there the element of fantasy ends, to be replaced by facts. For the single element that struck me most vividly during my recent reading course in the genre is the tremendous effort that the authors make to persuade the reader that he is

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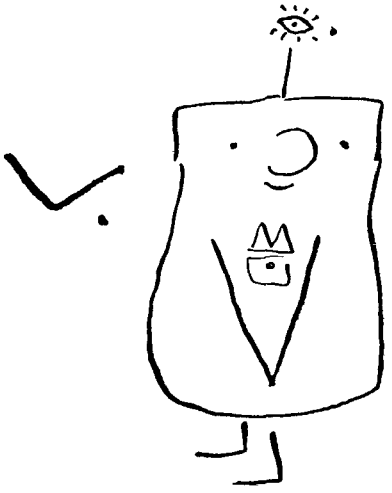
being taken on a guided tour around the real world of espionage.

LET US CONSIDER, as evidence, the techniques employed by Fleming, daddy of the modern spy novel, and his two most successful successors, Len Deighton and John Le Carré. Why, leaving aside the influence of the Bond movies, did Fleming become so fantastically popular? He possessed a clean, crisp style and he was ingenious at inventing exotic settings and bizarre mechanical instruments. Many of his lesser characters were well drawn or overdrawn. But, for a writer of thrillers, he was sadly inept at the art of drumming up suspense. Certainly I have never felt any strong urge to turn the pages to find out what was coming next. When the situations were supposed to be exciting, as in Goldfinger's celebrated effort to crack Fort Knox, they were merely silly; and when the situations were not silly, it was because Fleming was describing some everyday event, such as playing golf or eating dinner.

It has often been said that it was the character of Bond who made Fleming's novels so popular; Bond, that dream man all women lusted to be loved by and all men longed to resemble. According to his biographer, Fleming did create Bond to live out his own fantasies. But actually, Bond was a thoroughly routine hero. He was nothing more than a combination of the traditional English gentleman adventurer and the hard-boiled American tough; either a Bulldog Drummond (or Richard Hannay or Raffles) made ruthless and sexually hyperactive, or an Eton-trained Sam Spade with gracious manners and cosmopolitan tastes.

But Fleming did have one new angle—new to me, anyway. He had the inside dope. Eric Ambler went to great trouble to provide convincing backgrounds for his superb thrillers about dirty work in the Balkans, and Graham Greene made an equally professional effort to achieve an atmosphere of reality with his evocations of place and mood. But neither of them ever gave the impression of being on the inside. Fleming did. "Not that it matters," he wrote with superb casualness in a brief introductory note to *From Russia With Love,* "but a great deal of the background to this story is accurate. SMERSH . . . exists and remains today the most secret department of the Soviet government. . . . General Gruboza-boyschikov was its chief. My description of his appearance is correct." Not that it matters, indeed! It was precisely what did matter. For if you could believe him (and who couldn't?), Fleming, and only Fleming, was in a position to gratify the curiosity that millions of us must have felt about the machinations of espionage agencies which were not only glamorously secret but were—and still are—liable to help reduce us all to dust before our proper time.

FLEMING was exceedingly clever at making the reader believe he knew his stuff. One of his jazziest techniques was the use of proper nouns. Sherlock Holmes used to hump into a hansom, and Drummond, if I recall correctly, drove a Bentley of no particular year or model. But Bond "had been offered the Aston Martin or a Jaguar 3.4. He had taken the D.B. III." A camera was an "M3 Leica, an MC exposure meter, a K 2 filter and a



flash holder." A watch was a Girard-Perregaux, and when a girl massaged the back muscles of the chief executioner of SMERSH, it was the sternomastoid and the trapezius that she laid into. But Fleming, as I have said, reserved his best efforts for those elegant details commonly associated with the world of swank. Bond knew about Balmain's Vent Vert and that 1953 was a good year for a Piesporter Goldtröpfchen, and he could recognize at a glance the Mechanic's Grip that means "you are armed for dealing Bottoms or Seconds." Naturally Fleming did not stoop to offering explanations for those of us who wouldn't recognize a Second if it was served up on a plate. He was too skillful a con man.

Still, there is bound to be a strong element of the phony in any con job, and occasionally Fleming's slip showed. The D.B. III "muttered its protest with a mild back-popple from the twin exhausts." Hot stuff. But don't all cars presumably, when driven to protest, back-popple? Bond lowers a girl out full length on the floor and she begs him to give her "everything." Presumably he does give her "everything." But . . . what exactly is "everything"? Fleming doesn't say. And then there was that fiasco at the Ritz. And yet even then, I was never quite sure whether to blame Fleming or the chef. For Fleming carried conviction. You knew he had lived the gracious life and could serve as a replacement for *Playboy, Vogue,* and *Gourmet* combined. He wrote columns for gun and camera and automobile enthusiasts, and he provided advice to the sexually ambitious. And he knew what the head of SMERSH looked like. And his admirers read him because he introduced them into a world of fantasy. Oh, yes. Yes, indeed.

I GO INTO all this at length because Fleming laid down the pattern that his successors, always excepting Le Carré, have followed with as much fidelity as their inferior talents and knowledge will allow. Let us consider *The Quiller Memorandum,* one of the most successful spy novels of the past few years. The story—which is about the attempt of the German General Staff suddenly to seize control over Central Europe—is so silly that it automatically asphyxiates suspense. The writing is not so much wooden as cemented. But no one can criticize Adam Hall for being stingy with his facts and proper nouns: "The bullet from a small 8 mm. short-trigger Pelmann and Rosen-

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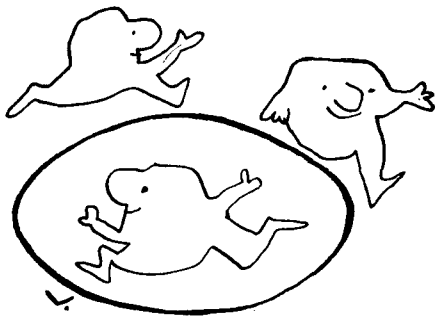
thal Mark IV spins in the region of two thousand revolutions per second . . ."; and "She was a gun-metal-blue DKW F-102 Viertür with the four distinctive Auto Union rings on the rad-slats..."; and "The intrathoracic pressure was rising fast and reaching well beyond the 100mm. Hg produced by a normal cough, and the pressure was being transmitted to the internal jugular vein and cerebrospinal fluid. . . ." I shall spare you all the other reference material abstracted from manuals about drugs and codes and tagging procedures, but there was an awful lot of it. Trying to analyze why I fell asleep over the book four nights running, I decided that it was not so much because the story was totally uninteresting as because the facts leaked through the situations like turpentine through a paper bag. It is very hard to carry unenclosed turpentine. It is also very difficult to read through an endless stream of factual information of absolutely no inherent interest. How anyone can plow through such a grab-bag of miscellaneous information and still remain convinced that he is reading for the sheer fun of the thrills and the fantasy passes my comprehension.

LEN DEIGHTON also makes blatant efforts to persuade the reader that he is dispensing the inside stuff. He goes so far as to add scholarly appendixes in which he offers, among other items of trivia, a brief history of the Gehlen organization, instructions on how to handle Smith & Wesson revolvers, and a list of the prices charged for Indian hemp at different ports. But Deighton does have talents, and what I found most interesting about his books is that they are good or bad according to precisely the standards one would apply to any work of fiction. The first two. *The Ipcress File* and *Funeral in Berlin*, were good fun to read because the stories and most of the situations are fairly close to believable, and because some of his creations, such as the homosexual civil servant Hallam and the earthy Russian Colonel Stok, are excellent pieces of characterization. But Deighton is no better at providing a motivation to turn the pages than Fleming, and he is very much inferior to, say, Trollope or Galsworthy.

Moreover, there is a cheapness even in his early and better books that one can clearly perceive in the writing: "Birds were still singing in the trees that stood across the major surgery of sunset like massed artery forceps." It is horrible, and in his latest book, *An Expensive Place to Die*, the cheapness takes over completely. The story is supposed to be about an exchange of atomic information between an American and a Chinese scientist. But the book's central theme, in so far as it has one, concerns the efforts of a Monsieur Datt to comprehend the behavior patterns of the men who control society. And how does M. Datt conduct his researches? He runs a clinic in Paris where cabinet ministers and the like come to engage in complex sexual associations with women, while M. Datt has their actions filmed and their speech recorded. For apparently it is in bed that men reveal their true personalities, and especially their weaknesses. Or, as M. Datt puts it: "Sex, I decided, was the key to man's drive and post-sex was his most vulnerable state. That's how my methods evolved."

Now this is exactly the kind of stupid and vulgar trash that any person of taste intensely dislikes in a straight novel, and it is surely



equally objectionable in what are presented as stories of espionage. The same is true of the mechanically orthodox characters—sexy women and hard-bitten men—the silly situations, and those desperate attempts to conceal a defective imagination under long recitals of facts. Why then should people who would read Harold Robbins or Jacqueline Susann only if they were very well paid for it, claim to enjoy spy novels that are characterized by exactly the same loathsome features?

There can be only one answer: they must apply special standards to thrillers. They make special assumptions, and those assumptions, I have concluded, reveal not their affection for the form but their contempt. It is as if they say to themselves: "The Harold Robbinses of this world deal with subject matter which, if it were handled with imagination and taste, could make perfectly good novels. Their work is offensive because it falls so far short of what is possible. But spy novels can never be more than insignificant, and I shall therefore judge them by the appropriate standard, which is that they will do to pass an hour or two on the beach when I am feeling too lazy and my brains are too addled by the sun for me to be disturbed by the fact that I am reading drivel."

I confess myself unable to make such exquisite distinctions. To me, a book is a book, to be judged according to how well it achieves its aims. If it is an almanac, it should be informative. If it is a comedy, it should provoke amusement. And if it pretends to be a thriller, it should provide thrills. But a spy novel can also be very much more than a thriller, as John Le Carré has demonstrated. He is, so far as I am aware, the only man now writing novels about espionage who does not try to con the reader. The assurance and passion with which he writes suggest that he must himself have been engaged in espionage work. But he never stoops to flourishing his knowledge. He uses it only in so far as it is necessary for his purpose, which is to represent, in fictional form, a certain aspect of human existence. He writes about people who happen to be spies with the same seriousness that another writer might bring to stories about people who work in factories or are involved in cruelly unhappy love affairs.

ALTHOUGH the comparison might appear bizarre, Le Carré reminds me very much of Jane Austen without humor. Like her, he possesses that vivid imagination which can dispense with extravagance in plot and situation because it can make the routine fascinating. Like her, he can penetrate to the heart of a character with a couple of sentences: "He looked at his watch, making a

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wide arc with his arm . . . a military man, he wished you to say, decent regiment, decent club, knocked around in the war." This surely displays the kind of penetration that led Walter Scott to observe of Jane Austen that she possessed "the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description."

The comparison must not be pushed too far. Le Carré constructed a plot of great complexity and high excitement for *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*, and the theme of *The Looking Glass War*, the putting of a spy into East Germany, is not exactly commonplace. But the story is only a device. Le Carré's real objective is to describe the kind of people who work at the business of espionage. A few of his characters, like Smiley and Leamas, are decent people. They are not exceptional or dashing like the papier-mâché heroes of Fleming or Deighton, but they are sensible, unpretentious, loyal and honest, to others and to themselves. However, it is at portraying the people he dislikes and despises that Le Carré, like Jane Austen, excels. In *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*, his venom is confined to the ruthlessness of such men as Control who regard the death of even their own men, or of completely innocent victims, as merely regrettable incidents.

Still, Control does possess the virtue of resolution and commands such respect as is due to strength and cleverness. It is impossible to feel any respect for the lesser executives who are the principal characters in *The Looking Glass War*. Leclerc, head of a minor and fading department of British intelligence, lies to himself and to his superiors to justify the act of putting a spy into East Germany. The mission is ridiculous, the operation is a masterpiece of incompetence, and the man is lost. But Leclerc's real motive was to build up the importance of his department, and with it his own ego. He is the epitome of the petty, self-deluding, totally self-centered official, and the failure disturbs him only because it threatens his own prestige.

All his subordinates are equally a mixture of the pitiful and the disgusting. The older ones see themselves as living again through the romantic days of the war when they could believe themselves to be important. If anyone still wonders how organizations like the Freikorps were able to flourish, he has only to read the few pages in which Le Carré describes the disconsolate ex-officers meeting for a drink in a rundown bar to chat about the good old days. Avery, Leclerc's protégé, is another brilliant portrait of a bright young man without any private commitments who can find meaning only in service to the department, because it alone can convey power and prestige. In a singularly bold stroke, Le Carré even has Avery proclaiming toward the department a love he cannot feel for his own wife or child, and the horrible thing is that Le Carré is completely convincing about it.

Le Carre obviously possesses a quality that is an essential ingredient of all first-rate fiction: he has a moral point of view. It is very like that which Ambler used to demonstrate with his bitter attacks on the armament profiteers and Fascist officials of the 1930's. But Le Carré's feelings seem to go deeper. *The Looking Glass War* is one long and devastating philippic against the weak, stupid, and personally ineffectual officials who will lie, cheat, and destroy for their own advancement, with service to the organization as their excuse. They even delude themselves into believing that their motives are lofty and their behavior justified by loyalty to an organization that is in fact totally useless and even dangerous. The particular object of Le Carré's venom is small and insignificant, but it operates like almost every organization I have ever encountered, private or government, and Le Carré's bureaucrats are like mediocre officials —or minor executives—everywhere.

There is nothing new in the existence of such organization men or in criticisms of them. What is new is that Le Carré uses the outward form of the spy novel and the mechanisms of the thriller to compose a devastating commentary on what is certainly one of the most unpleasant aspects of twentieth-century society.

Breathing Purely

Now, at last,
I carry nothing
In my briefcase
And an empty mind.
In this meadow

Under the chestnut tree
I am a part of what I see.
Swallows above the alder thicket
Skim mosquitoes from the haze
And I've seceded

From all committees, left
My Letters to the Editor unsent.
No solutions, no opinions.
I breathe purely
Without ambitions, purged, awaiting

Annunciations of the true.
The wind is up now and the swallows gone.
Why don't you tell it, chestnut tree
Rustling
Empty-headed in the wind?

—Daniel Hoffman

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Music for All Seasons

ROLAND GELATT

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI, whose four hundredth birthday we observe this year, has always cut an impressive figure in history books, but for the better part of three centuries his music remained *terra incognita* to all but a handful of experts. Popular rehabilitation began in 1937 with the appearance of Nadia Boulanger's celebrated recordings of Monteverdi madrigals—performances that revealed a creative spirit of unsuspected vivacity and freshness. Since then the Monteverdi discography has grown mightily, and so has the composer's reputation. In his case, familiarity has bred affection as well as respect.

Several ambitious recordings have been issued this year to mark the quadricentennial, and together they serve to emphasize the astonishing range of Monteverdi's genius. He was truly a man for all seasons. Trained in the old polyphonic tradition, he could when the occasion demanded fashion liturgical compositions of massive complexity and power. Early in his career, however, he became enamored of the *stile moderno,* a new way of making music that favored expressive freedom and melodic grace in place of the elaborate contrapuntal austerities previously in vogue. Monteverdi not only successfully weathered the transition from late Renaissance polyphony to early Baroque opera, but in the process managed to create a body of enduring masterpieces. Like Stravinsky in our day, he veered with the winds of change and hoisted his sails higher than anyone else.

By general consent, the composer's greatest achievement is the opera *L'Incoronazione di Poppea,* written at the age of seventy-five and first produced in Venice in 1642, a year before his death. In addition to being an exceedingly amoral piece of theatre set to some exceedingly beautiful music, the work blazed a number of operatic trails. *Poppea* is a historical opera (the first of its kind) filled with vividly drawn characters, and it treats scenes as continuous musical entities rather than as frameworks for a series of arias and ensembles. In many ways it is closer to our ideal of music drama than any other opera before *Figaro,* and this undoubtedly explains why it has been successfully revived in Glyndebourne, Chicago, and elsewhere since the war. But despite its appeal, the work poses certain problems in contemporary performance. No score exists in Monteverdi's hand, and the two surviving seventeenth-century copies do not make clear what instrumentation the composer desired. Moreover, the opera has several parts for male sopranos, a species now extinct. Every performance of *Poppea,* therefore, needs the guiding hand of a knowledgeable editor.

THE new recording, made at the University of California at Berkeley under the direction of Alan Curtis (Cambridge 1901, stereo or mono; four discs), strives for optimum authenticity. The opera is given complete for the first time on records, and the accompaniment adheres to what Professor Curtis insists was the norm for mid-seventeenth-century Venetian theatres. The instrumentation is very bare: two harpsichords (seldom used together), various lutes, an occasional bassoon, flute, recorder, or trumpet, and some sparse strings. The minute "orchestra," together with the very dry recording acoustic, does allow the singers to make every note and word tell, and this—we are assured—is what Monteverdi wanted above all else. Well, maybe. One hesitates to tussle with a learned musicologist, but it seems hard to believe that the composer would willingly have settled for anything sounding quite this anemic. In other respects the recording has a lot to recommend it. The singers are all adequate (and in the case of the bass Herbert Beattie considerably more than that), the direction is brisk and assured, and it is instructive to hear the score in its entirety.

Still, for sheer enjoyment I shall return to the Glyndebourne album of *Poppea* excerpts (Angel) published three years ago, in which the accompaniment is more sumptuously realized and the singers in general more appealing. Arnalta's *"Oblivion soave"* accompanied by a plunky chitarrone cannot compare in effect to the Glyndebourne version with lush, rocking strings, nor does the Berkeley account of *"Pur ti miro"*—the opera's glorious final duet—soar to the rapturous heights achieved by Magda Laszlo and Richard Lewis in the Angel set.

ALSO ON HAND are two new recordings of the *Vespro della Beata Vergine,* and at least one more is on the way. Here again editorial problems come to the fore. The original 1610 publication contains several pieces that normally form no part of the Vespers service, as well as two settings of the concluding Magnificat and a six-part Mass that clearly is unrelated to anything else. Some authorities contend that Monteverdi looked upon this edition merely as a collection and not a unified work; others hold that he meant it as an integrated whole and that the music should be performed in its entirety, excluding only the Mass and one of the alternative Magnificats. Both new versions—one conducted by Robert Craft (Columbia 763, stereo or mono; two discs), the other by Jürgen Jürgens (Telefunken 9501/2, stereo or mono; two discs)—espouse the latter view.

For myself, I am glad to have all thirteen pieces on record, but this is not to say that I want to hear them at a single sitting. The Vespers fail to cohere into an artistic whole like the B minor Mass of Bach, and a two-hour dose is apt to induce fatigue. Taken individually, however, these are magnificent pieces—full of the worldly grandeur that typifies Italian church music in the Baroque age. The big orchestra, the solo singers, the double choirs are all on hand, and Monteverdi deploys them to splendid effect. Jürgens' performance, recorded in Vienna, is undoubtedly more authentic in timbre, since it employs cornetti, pifferi, viols, and other instruments of the seven-

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teenth century, whereas the Craft version, recorded in Los Angeles, relies on modern instruments. Nonetheless, my recommendation goes to the American set. It is recorded more clearly and it has the better solo singers. In fact, Richard Levitt's performance of the *"Audi, coelum"* —a non-liturgical "echo" piece of passionate intensity—is alone reason for acquiring the album.

PERHAPS the most immediately accessible of all Monteverdi's music are the two collections of *Scherzi musicali,* short trifles—generally love songs, or "amorous baby talk" as someone called them—for either solo or ensemble singers with instrumental accompaniment. The latest sampling on records (Project Three 7001, stereo or mono) is, alas, something of a disappointment. I say this reluctantly because the disc has three irresistible solo performances by the veteran Swiss tenor Hugues Cuénod, who took part in the 1937 Boulanger recording and remains the Monteverdi singer par excellence. To hear him spin out the languorous phrases of *"Eri già tutta mia"* is both an object lesson in great vocal artistry and a persuasive demonstration of the composer's charm. But his and the other performances are blemished by beefed-up and often distorted engineering, and the annotations—which try so hard to "sell" Monteverdi—fail to give such necessary information as who sings what.

Far more satisfactory is a reissue of madrigals performed by the New York Pro Musica under the direction of the lamented Noah Greenberg (Odyssey 32 16 0087, mono only). The 1956 recording, still altogether adequate, captured this marvelous group in vintage estate. Countertenor Russell Oberlin and tenor Charles Bressler were then at peak form, and their rendition of the deservedly celebrated *"Zefiro torna,"* with its lovely murmuring thirds, is one of the great things on records. Here too the annotations leave a good deal to be desired (only a few words of each madrigal are printed), but don't let that be a deterrent. As an inexpensive introduction to the music of Monteverdi, this enchanting collection cannot be surpassed.

BOOKS

Lampshades

NORA SAYRE

TALES OF MANHATTAN, by Louis Auchincloss. *Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.*

In a period which savages the tangible past, landmark preservation becomes an emotional necessity. It is not surprising that even a defective lampshade should be cherished. Louis Auchincloss's catalogues of Tiffany glass, parental portraits by Sargent, club lunches, debuts at Sherry's, façades by Richard Morris Hunt and Louis Sullivan no doubt answer a craving for civilization, a nostalgia for something slightly senior to the Green Hornet. Hence anyone who cares about an earlier America is apt to feel ungrateful on recoiling from his fiction. But one rebels at Auchincloss's own treatment of landmarks: "In Washington one dined with Henry Adams and Bessie Lodge; in Boston with Mrs. 'Jack'; in London with Ottoline Morrell and 'Emerald,' or else drove down to Rye to see poor old Henry James. In Paris, there was 'Dear Edith,' in Rapallo 'Max'; in Florence 'BB.'" Even though the tone is supposed to be ironic, the best names curdle at this treatment.

By depicting an age of infinite tassels, social prejudice, and little else, Auchincloss has done the past a disservice. In fact, he has preserved the lampshade without the bulb. His characters have none of the violence and few of the valid dilemmas bestowed by Edith Wharton and Henry James. Some of his readers even blame his flaws on the dead writers, conferring a double death. But Mrs. Wharton hated the social system that shattered her characters, whereas Auchincloss seems to share the code of his personae. This is faintly mysterious, since he has criticized Proust (and others) for being "obsessed" with social position, adding that the authors of novels about society can "become guilty of the snobbishness and triviality of which they accuse their characters." Moreover, his good essay "The Novel of Manners Today" reproves John O'Hara for stressing that "the most important thing about any character is the social niche in which he was born." Both remarks might come from churlish descriptions of Auchincloss's own work.

THE PERPLEXITY of his attitude may be a stepchild of James's "operative irony"; the possibility of implying "the case rich and edifying where the actuality is pretentious and vain." (In a preface, James explained that projecting foolish characters could highlight "the superior case.") Auchincloss's ambiguities take two forms, and both seem deliberate. First, he nearly always chooses drab and stunted narrators: old women, musty bachelors, timid young men. These naturally have a walleyed view of society, or of his recurrent protagonists: the domineering fathers, disappointing sons, large, insensitive daughters, and the plain, mistreated mothers. There are also the raucous fiancées who have ferocious ambitions for their future husbands, and the intelligent upstarts with "no family" who nonetheless thrive professionally. His most sensual women are usually rapacious social hedonists: "More than ever she was like a doll in an expensive dress." Whether the narrators idolize or deplore these characters, their intonation is inevitably prim or censorious.

Auchincloss sometimes means these commentators to be laughable. But since their prejudices dominate almost all of his work, they fail as a satirical chorus, and it sounds as though the author were luxuriating behind their views. Unhorrified by clichés, he feeds them to all his characters: "My first instinct was to shoot you down like a dog." Or: "He then proceeded to drink his way through Harvard to an early grave." When the whole cast speaks or thinks in

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this style, it's hard to feel that the author has separated himself from their mentality. Elsewhere, he has labeled the hero of Mrs. Wharton's *The Glimpses of the Moon* "an unmitigated cad."

Some of Auchincloss's narrators confess that they would like to be "peacocks," but he firmly maintains them as wrens. Admittedly, it's daring to permit a narrator of *The Rector of Justin* to announce on page 1: "Not that my life has been an exciting one. On the contrary, it has been very dull." In contrast, how swiftly Mrs. Wharton could make a character intriguing: on page 1 of *The House of Mirth*, Lily Bart has "an air of irresolution which might . . . be the mask of a very definite purpose." Hence one can immediately believe that "it was characteristic of her that she always roused speculation."

While Auchincloss's characters don't excite the same speculation, he is deft at plotting. One may not care why Geraldine Brevoort leapt out of a window or why Guy Prime indulged in embezzlement, yet one is curious about the process and solution of the total scheme. He does provide what publishers wistfully call "pull," and his particular public is probably plot-starved.

THE SECOND perplexity stems from Auchincloss's pleasure in giving double views of his leading characters. Each may or may not be morally monstrous. Ida, the diffident heroine of *Portrait in Brownstone*, triumphantly arranges a possibly crippling marriage for her adored son; the Rector of Justin paralyzes many lives; Guy, of *The Embezzler*, is defended in the first half (by himself) and degraded by two sequential narratives. Auchincloss meticulously reports all aspects. His primary theme is that people can direct and govern each other's lives: he shows them devising careers, preventing or concocting marriages, and controlling one another's money. Cruelty—through such tyranny, rather than verbal cruelty—is one of his preoccupations. Hence one wants very much to know whether he considers that his dislikable protagonists are "justified" in their ruthlessness—or unforgivable, or even tolerable, or whether they were partially misunderstood by their era. Auchincloss constructs each moral dilemma skillfully, and then abandons the problem.

It would be easy to pronounce all his people abominable. But he doesn't intend that: so much space is spent on their defense. However, their most odious social values usually prevail—if only to punish them. Hence the impression that those who perpetuate their money and position are superior. A social columnist remarks, "Nobody who really counts gives a hoot about family any more." Perhaps the reason is that anyone who "really counts" in an Auchincloss novel already has copious "family." Thus, the ambiguities hang on Auchincloss's concealed point of view—instead of his characters' complexities. One doesn't ask for glaring conclusions. But since this novelist focuses on morality, his deviousness is frustrating.

THE INMATES of *Tales of Manhattan* concentrate on unveiling the sins of others. Most of the accused are decedents, not decadents. The iniquities of the dead are revealed through written memoirs, notebooks, or conversations with elderly descendants—another opportunity for peevish narration. It's a detective-story technique: many of the stories start with a mystery, which is amiable to unravel but usually disappointing when solved. The characters usually betrayed or abused one another for financial reasons, but some indulged in psychological revenge—such as a Bostonian painter who sketched his parents in "frankly pornographic" positions. The first section is narrated by a gallery auctioneer who tries to re-create personalities by studying their collections (a pleasing device); the second groups some parched lawyers' opinions of one another; the third concerns "The Matrons," a glimpse of female comptrollers which seems to suggest that money is corrupting for women.

One story has a touching validity that the rest lack: in "The Landmarker," an aged bachelor relives the past by revisiting New York's antique buildings; when his favorite is about to be demolished, he has a stroke. He recovers to find it gone. Here, Auchincloss expresses a loss that is perhaps more acute for New Yorkers than for any other city's inhabitants. Since he knows Manhattan's oldest bones so well, and since his material is delectable, it's a pity that his natives are an incapacious, whispery cluster—who, in fact, "count" only in the Social Register or in slices of cash, or by possessing "Henry Adams's own copy of *Democracy*" and "Abraham Lincoln's bookmark." Their insignificance stimulates the memory that Sybille Bedford's *A Legacy* is probably the only modern novel descended from Henry James, and their bigotry can serve as an incentive to read Edith Wharton, who is (finally) rolling out of the trough. She can match all of Auchincloss's draperies, although his characters can't answer the variety of hers.

Marxisms

MARTIN NOLAN

THE GROUCHO LETTERS: LETTERS FROM AND TO GROUCHO MARX. *Simon and Schuster. $4.95.*

In this age of fly now, pay later, and direct-distance dialing, the letter as a literary form seems doomed to extinction. But before it is done, Groucho Marx will have his say. His say, as culled from a long career of letter writing, is clever, compassionate, faintly ribald, occasionally melancholic, but always impudent. The Marxian touch is never subdued, always antic. When a customs form asks his occupation, Groucho writes down "smuggler." He resigns from a California club for good reason: "I don't want to belong to any club that will accept me as a member." Part of the charm of *The Groucho Letters* is in the transference of the author's effrontery to his milder correspondents. When he complains to E. B. White that the latter is unavailable in New York and has "adopted the mantle of Garbo . . . suspended in a spirit world," White replies that "It is nice here in the spirit world, and if you get here I would like to buy you a drink. Garbo is here. We maintain separate residences, for appearances' sake."

Groucho Marx is now seventy-one. His letters show what has changed in American humor since his day of

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frenetic slapstick laced with pungent wit. Popular entertainment has descended into TV and movie "situation comedies" or fresh-frozen, committee-produced monologues. Can one imagine *The Jack Paar Letters* or Johnny Carson's? Even one of Groucho's last endeavors in entertainment, a quiz show, *You Bet Your Life*, had more genuine humor than today's canned comedies, nearly all predictable one-joke efforts. The only humor produced by these witless enterprises is the clash of wet noodles when the simpletons of rival networks collide in their discovery of the same tired idea, e.g., *Captain Nice* vs. *Mr. Terrific* or *The Munsters* vs. *The Addams Family*. Groucho, too, had ideas as shopworn as early vaudeville, but it was harsher humor and therefore tinged with the unpredictable. Even the names of his movie roles show this flair for the zany that has disappeared into America's melting pot. Dr. Hugo Z. Hackenbush and Captain Jeffrey T. Spaulding were such monuments that Groucho's correspondents have kept on using them as names.

Groucho's fourteen-year career in television left him as angry a young man as Fred W. Friendly. He wrote to Goodman Ace in 1960: "For me, the only good thing about TV is that it has allowed me to earn far more money that I deserve." A short chapter on Groucho's grouchiness lists his 1954 effort to engage his sponsor, the Chrysler Corporation, in a pre-Ralph Nader drive for safety: "Perhaps the ads next year should read 'prettier, faster and safe'. . . . The average car driver in a modern automobile is a sitting duck. There is nothing to protect him. The records show he would be far safer on a battlefield." Groucho's gift of prophecy did not always go unheeded. He wrote to Nunnally Johnson during the midst of the Profumo affair in 1963: "I predict that someday London will be the next Paris."

The best section of *The Groucho Letters* is his exchange of broadsides with the late Fred Allen. As with the collection of Allen's letters that followed two autobiographical volumes, these show the spontaneous, tornadic intensity of Groucho far more than earlier, more self-conscious works. Some spark strikes fire when wits write letters to other wits. There is hazard in it, too, as Groucho warned his brother Gummo before giving a speech to an audience of comedians: "When they laugh it's because (like me) they've just thought of something they're about to say themselves."

The range of this wit is in *The Groucho Letters*, from Eddie Cantor to T. S. Eliot to Walter Kerr to James Thurber to Harpo. Like most collections of letters, it rewards minimum concentration with maximum reward. But if a reader is even slightly self-conscious and if he rides the bus or subway, this is not the book to buy. On opening to any given page, he is likely to laugh, chortle, and guffaw—which, as Groucho would say, is a great name for a law firm.

Weekends at the Cove

Here is an old seal sleeps
Like a rock, dun as mud, dull
As the bottom of the summer.
Coming back from a Sunday sail
You see him, brown bulk in the sun,
Think you hear him snoring—some noise
Lower than wind in the pale birches—
Point him out to the smart visitors.

Fat landmark on the foam-humped shore,
He might be a century old, might
Bear weathers and scars distance heals,
Might even be dead, kept by stark salt,
But monumental like the stone-falls
That are abutments on high water—
And so you kneel and scour the deck
For bottle caps to pelt him with.

These break and shine across the air,
Some short, some true as a circle knows.
Grudging the grace of weighty things,
The seal moves, lives, makes for the sea;
Where he goes down is a gold shadow
Failing in the wake of your shouts,
And the many Sundays you sail after
Will not raise him again.

—ROBLEY WILSON, JR.

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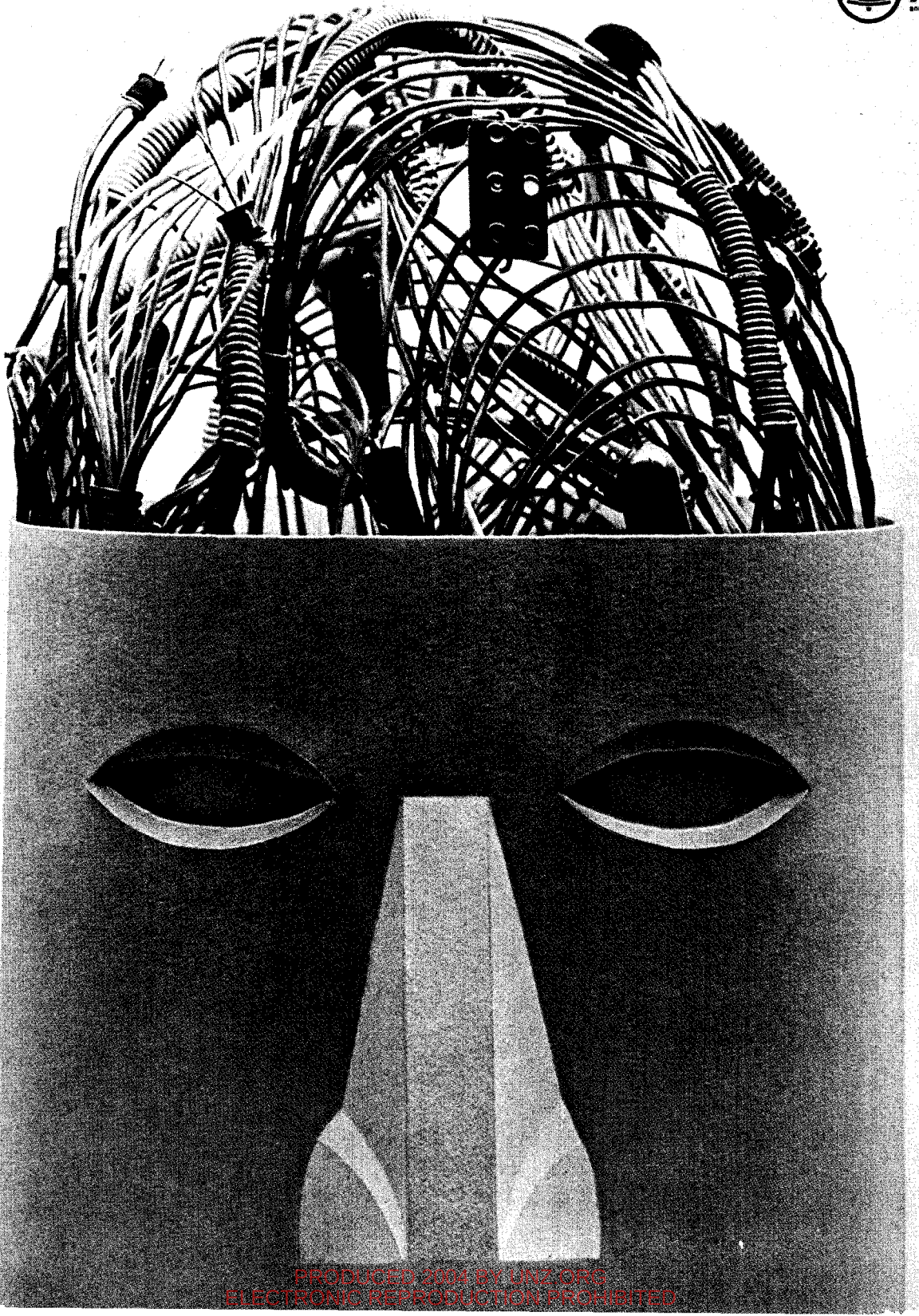
Your brain and our phone system are a lot alike

Both were designed to last a lifetime. Both consist of close to ten billion components, nerve cells or transistors, relays or memory modules. Both occasionally malfunction and cause missed connections, misunderstandings, static and heat. Both start each new day determined to do better. And both usually succeed. Today, we were able to complete over 295 million phone calls, some of them yours. We hope your brain had a good day, too.

AT&T and Associated Companies



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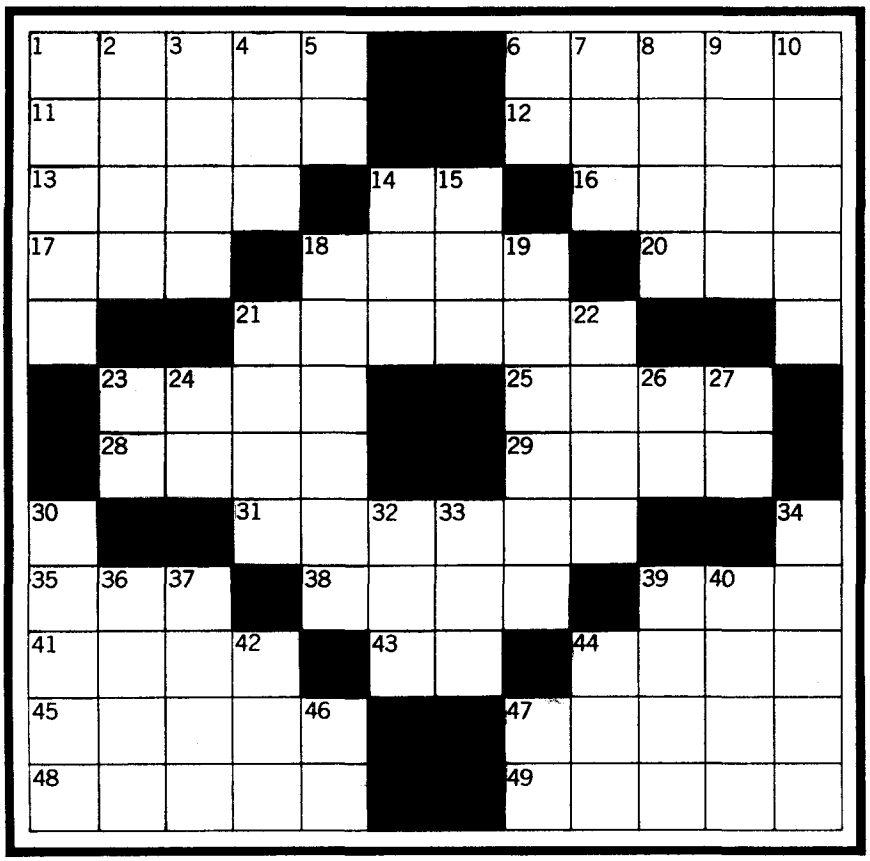
Kill some time while waiting in line at No.1. Compliments of Avis.



Or rent a shiny new Plymouth from Avis. (The line at our counter is shorter.)

ACROSS

1. Rabbit or knockout
6. Florida city
11. Hollywood statue
12. Command
13. Man's first name, Ponce's last name
14. The spirit of____.
16. Kiss Me____.
17. Printed persuaders
18. Couples
20. Non-women
21. Railway stations
23. Sherlock Holmes' Baker St. address
25. Girl's name
28. How many Arabian nights?
29. Metal
31. Bends over
35. A limb
38. Hurt
39. Female deer
41. To judge
43. LXX
44. The Jones and the Sawyer boy
45. Mr. Stevenson
47. A flat cap for men or women
48. Cowboy circus
49. Baked, lima, or jelly____.

DOWN

1. White bear
2. Second-hand
3. Sergeants
4. Tin container
5. Sixty minutes (Abbr.)
6. U. S. State (Abbr.)
7. Annoy
8. First man
9. To allot
10. Girl's name
14. Soft drink
15. Into the valley of death rode the____.
18. Entries of debt
19. Privates have one
21. God (Spanish)
22. Gentlemen
23. Voting age
24. XX
26. Preposition
27. In grammar, an article
30. Electronic eye
32. Killer's license number
33. Gold (Spanish)
34. Lies down
36. Do over
37. Canasta term
39. The dumb girl
40. A portent
42. Girl's name
44. Golf term
46. Downing St. address
47. Ammunition for toy gun

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